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TURKEY IN REVOLUTION

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CHARLES RODEN BUXTON

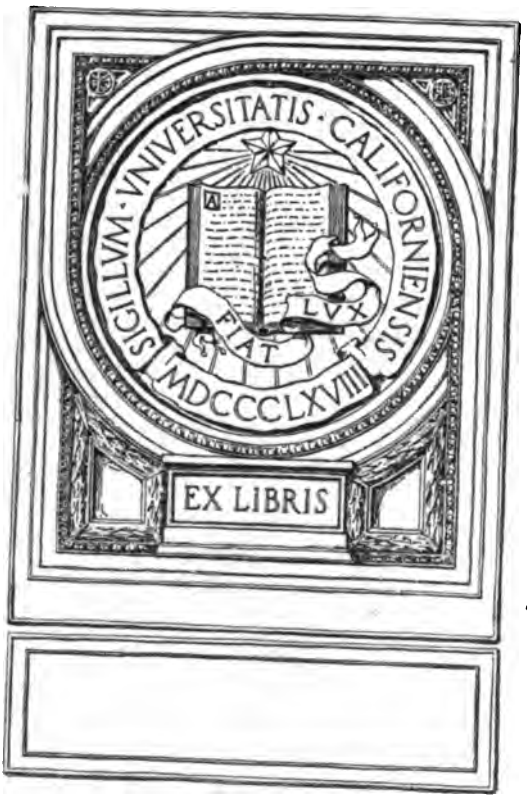
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Photo by OLD AND NEW. [*l'Aigle.*

A procession of voters, going to record their votes, is crossing the Galata Bridge, a floating bridge with a surface of uneven planks. In the background is the Valideh Mosque.

[*Frontispiece.*

TURKEY

IN REVOLUTION

BY

CHARLES RODEN BUXTON

WITH 33 ILLUSTRATIONS AND A MAP

UNIV. OF CALIFORNIA

T. FISHER UNWIN
LONDON: ADELPHI TERRACE
LEIPSIC: INSELSTRASSE 20
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INTRODUCTION

IT fell to my lot to visit Turkey both shortly before and shortly after the Revolution. Like so many others, I had been deeply interested in Near Eastern affairs since the Macedonian rising of 1903 and the brutal suppression which followed it; I had followed the efforts of England to introduce reform, and the attitude of the other great Powers of Europe. In the autumn of 1907, nine months before the grant of the Constitution, I had an opportunity of seeing for myself the condition of affairs in Constantinople, in Macedonia, and also in the liberated countries, Servia and Bulgaria. In Macedonia I was fortunate enough to visit the places which have lately been in every one's mouth—Salonica, Monastir, Florina, Ochrida, Resna. In 1908 came the Revolution. The situation was suddenly changed. There was good hope, at least, of a reform of Turkey from within. That would be the best possible solution of a problem which had sometimes seemed in-

soluble, except by war. The Balkan Committee, of which I had been a member since its foundation, welcomed the new *régime* and took active steps to make known the ideas of the Young Turks to the English public. As this Committee, during the outburst of anti-English feeling which occurred in the autumn at Vienna, was credited with deep designs and almost superhuman powers, it may be as well to say that its members, drawn from all political parties, were united by the sole object of improving the condition of the European subjects of Turkey, Moslem and Christian alike. It was ready to support, therefore, any policy of reform that seemed likely to prove effective, whether its authors were the Powers of Europe or the reformers of Turkey herself. Being aware of our objects, and appreciating our recent action, the Ottoman Committee of Union and Progress, which had brought about the Revolution, invited us to send delegates to Constantinople, to make their acquaintance and to be present at the opening of the new Parliament. I was one of those who accepted the invitation. Our formal duty was to present an address of congratulation to the Committee, and a meeting was arranged for this purpose at the École

Civile, the Government school at which officials are trained. At the Committee's desire, we presented our respects to the constitutional Government which they had been the means of placing in power. We had the honour of being received by the Sultan and the Grand Vizier; while some of us had the advantage of an informal interview with the Sheikh-ul-Islam.

When I left London I fancied that, beyond the formalities of a semi-official reception, we should have no dealings with the Young Turk leaders. I promised myself some weeks of delightful rambling and gazing and inquiring, of politics and history and art. But such was not the notion of the Committee. This was to be no ordinary visit. They were to become our friends, and we were to become theirs. We were to meet "everybody"; we were to understand the Young Turks, their aims, their hopes. They would show us how they knew something of our ideas also; how, even in the dark days, even when we were the bitterest enemies of their Government, they knew that our efforts were disinterested; how, being unable to communicate with us, they had resolved to convince us, not by words but by deeds; and how delighted they were that we should have helped to influence

English opinion in their favour. It was an advantage to them to be able to show the public that they had enlisted the support of some of the most active enemies of the old *régime*. We were Englishmen, too, and had not all intercourse with the Englishman been prohibited till now, in spite of the fondness which the Turk had always felt for him? And so it came about that we were no mere official guests, but whenever there was no formal business to be done we were together—clattering about hither and thither in little carriages through the rocky streets, now visiting a mosque with glowing old Christian mosaics, now an elementary school, now the office of the *Shura-i-Ummet*, the Committee's newspaper, now the chambers where the Parliament had met in 1877. Or we were having lunch together at our hotel, or consuming a succession of indescribable Turkish dishes and sweetmeats in a dark little eating-house of Stamboul, or dining with the Mayor of the European quarter. Or we were watching a patriotic play together, our friends interpreting the sentiments, all of us thrilled with excitement at the successful tricks of the spies, the terrible court-martial, and the grand finale, with Enver Bey himself (who was sitting beside us all the

time) bursting on to the stage in the khaki uniform of the revolutionary troops, dealing out stern justice to the villains of the piece, and raising the glorious standard of the Constitution.

And all the time we talked, talked in very imperfect French, talked of the things which four months before it was treason and sedition to speak of—the things which our friends had studied in secret, the ideas they had bottled up so long in their minds, unspoken! We talked politics, and history, and economics, but above all politics—the politics of Turkey and of all the European countries, the supreme practical problem, reform, civilisation.

In such intercourse we could not fail to learn many interesting facts about the authors of the Revolution and their policy. There was much indeed which had not yet found its way into print and could not be learnt from any other lips than theirs. At the same time it was obviously difficult to acquire exact knowledge on many points. Before the Revolution everything was carried on in secret, and as no member of the Committee was acquainted with more than four others at the most, none of them were in a position to describe its work as a whole. Nor has the veil, even yet, been altogether

lifted. This is partly due to the principles of the Committee itself, which prevent its members from making anything public that might glorify the achievement of some individuals at the expense of others. After the Revolution, again, the government of Turkey, stable as it seemed, and in reality was, *vis-à-vis* the Powers of Europe, was in a state of flux. The time was one of transition. The Ministry was a provisional one. It was thought best to leave open all questions not demanding immediate solution until the meeting of the Parliament. Everything was changing and, though order was kept, intense excitement prevailed.

The First Part of this book deals with the origin of the Revolution. It was necessary, before proceeding to the events which have recently filled the newspapers and interested the public, to recall some of the features of Old Turkey. It is only against that background that the new movement can be seen in its true colours. But I have not loaded the book with a detailed description. I have assumed a general knowledge, and merely described, under the name of "The Sultan as Revolutionist," those features of his rule which contributed directly to the revolutionary spirit. I have gone rather more

closely into the case of Macedonia, which I had visited so short a time before. Macedonia affected and interested Europe in an exceptional degree, having long provided an element of danger and uncertainty in the field of international policy. In Macedonia the seed of the Revolution was sown, and the organisation first took shape which was destined to subvert the Hamidian rule. This organisation was responsible for the exciting events which startled the world in the summer of 1908, and culminated in the grant of the Constitution on July 24th. The play which I mentioned above describes how the Constitution was won, or, what is hardly less interesting, how the Turkish populace believe it was won; and it throws some light on the opinions of the Young Turks about the Macedonian question during the pre-revolutionary period. I have thought it worth recording.

The Second and longest Part contains what I saw and heard in Turkey during the period of ferment which followed the Revolution. The state of Constantinople presented at this time such extraordinary novelties, its picturesqueness appealed so much to the eye, and its strange contrasts awakened so many memories, that I have tried to reproduce the impression I received

on revisiting it, before the new information had begun to sort itself into pigeon-holes. I have then drawn attention to the actual effects of the Revolution, as distinguished from its prospects; to show how much it has already achieved, and what "mere liberty," as we sometimes con temptuously call it, really means. The personalities of the Young Turk leaders, and of the prominent men in the Ministry, are described first, and this leads to an account of the position and conduct of the Committee of Union and Progress after their first and greatest object had been secured. In fact, though not in name, they controlled the government through the period of transition. All Europe was impressed by their statesmanlike qualities, which were chiefly based, I have ventured to suggest, on the moral character developed by their earlier efforts. Their policy, and that of the reforming Turks in general, was eagerly discussed and criticised at this time; and it was closely connected with the vital question of the liberal movement in Mohammedanism, about which the Sheikh-ul-Islam talked to us very freely and emphatically. What I have to say of the position of the Sultan, both present and future, I have woven into an account of the Selamlik,

or weekly "church-going," and of the interview which he accorded to us. During these months the elections for the new Parliament were proceeding all over the Empire. They would have attracted even more interest than they did, if they had not been conducted with such complete order and good humour. They culminated in the opening of the Parliament by the Sultan, a historic ceremony which I have described in some detail. This leads up to the subject of the Parliament itself, its composition, and such guesses as could be made at the time as to its probable grouping and action. There would have been enough of interest in such a picture if it had been confined to the internal affairs of Turkey. But the dawn of the Revolution was tempestuous. Austria, Bulgaria, and Greece expressed their welcome in a painfully violent form; the whole question of the southern Slavs was suddenly raised; long-standing *ententes* and alliances were threatened; the leaders of Young Turkey were plunged at the outset into foreign difficulties; and the constant danger of war overhung the first six months of the new *régime*. The whole picture is little more than a rough sketch of a movement in rapid progress. Such pictures may easily be distorted; but I hope I

have provided facts enough to correct any rash conclusions which may have slipped in by the way.

The last Part consists chiefly of reflexions. I am prepared for the charge that it is the dullest of the three; some will think it unnecessary. I will only plead in justification that it includes the reflexions of others besides myself—men of much longer experience, and well qualified to speak from the point of view of students, diplomatists, merchants or financiers; and that while it certainly contains material for criticism, it may also supply some food for thought. The anticipations of the best judges are part of the facts of the present situation. The returning traveller is always met by the query, "Will the new order be permanent?" It would be affectation not to attempt a reply. Lastly, no Englishman can prevent himself from looking back at the history of his country's relations with Turkey since the Crimean War, and speculating, if vaguely and inconsequently, about the future.

I cannot write a final account of the Turkish Revolution; but if my picture needs correcting, History will correct it.

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TURKEY IN REVOLUTION

PART I

CHAPTER I

THE SULTAN AS REVOLUTIONIST

WHEN the ultimatum, demanding the Constitution within twenty-four hours, reached the Palace, the favourites debated, it is said, as to who should announce the unwelcome news to His Majesty. At last one, bolder than the rest, entered the Imperial presence, carrying, as he thought, his life in his hand. To his astonishment, the Sultan replied that the news gave him great pleasure, as this was the object which he had laboured throughout his whole reign to achieve. And in a sense he was right. "The real author of the Revolution," I have heard it said more than once, "is Abdul Hamid."

He came to the throne in August, 1876. The opening of his reign was marked by a tragic

failure abroad and a bitter disappointment at home. A Conference was summoned at Constantinople, as a result of various insurrections in European Turkey. To put the Powers off the scent, the Sultan granted a Constitution. Parliament opened in March, 1877. The Russian War, so disastrous for Turkey, began in April of the same year. The Parliament was closed, and finally suspended in February, 1878. After that ill-omened beginning, the Sultan's government went from bad to worse. The army of spies increased until it numbered more than forty thousand, and cost two millions a year. The Sultan became more and more ingenious in appealing, when political necessities required it, to anti-Christian fanaticism. This was the chief practical use of his claim to the position of Khalif, or leader of all the faithful. By playing on the rivalry of Christian nationalities, granting churches and bishoprics now to one and now to another, favouring the weaker until it became the stronger, and then exciting the animosity of its rival, he maintained a precarious equilibrium which kept him and his favourites in power. He encouraged robber Kurds or Albanians, whose military support was valuable, to enrich themselves at the expense of the

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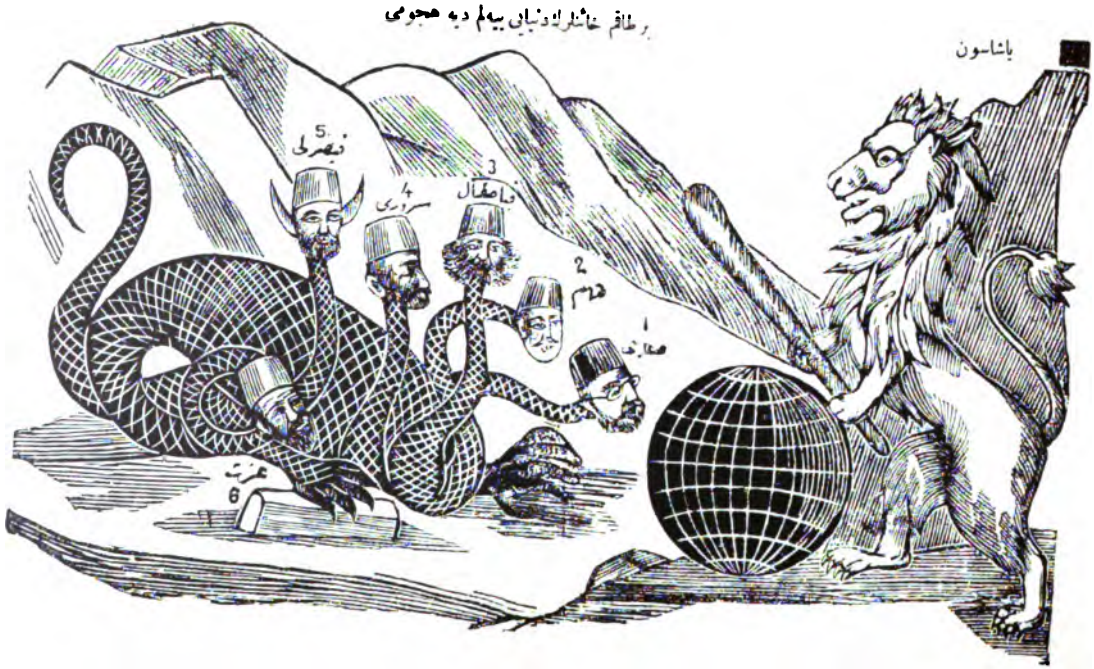

From a rough broadsheet sold in the streets] THE SULTAN'S FAVOURITES. *[of Constantinople after the Revolution.*

The Lion of Liberty is facing a hydra-headed monster, the heads representing the various Palace favourites who really controlled the Government in the old days—the famous "Palace Gang."

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peaceful and industrious. His system, regarded as a means of preserving autocracy, had only two drawbacks. One was that the railways and the telegraphs, without which he could not have consolidated his position, brought into the Empire a breath of Western civilisation and some inkling of Western methods. The other was that, while he cramped education, he failed to suppress it; and among all thoughtful people the desire for it was only intensified by the persecution.

A mild tyranny would not have sufficed to provoke a docile and loyal people. But the Sultan's tyranny was not mild. At a moderate estimate, 10,000 persons have suffered death for purely political offences in the last thirty years, apart altogether from massacre and civil war. What was even more effective, the most intelligent and disinterested men have for years been exiled—not to remote steppes, where their influence would have been wasted, but to populous cities all over the provinces, where they have become centres for the propagation of liberal ideas.

Men of independence and character might have sought compensation in quiet and obscurity. It was not permitted. The director of the

museum had his books and papers seized and destroyed; a remnant of them he sent to Europe, and now, since the Revolution, he has received them back—"two boxes full," as he exclaims with beaming face. His brother, an archæologist, was forbidden to visit the royal archives and treasures. A professor of my acquaintance taught the principles of Free Trade; he found himself suddenly removed from his post for speaking of "freedom." A lecturer on constitutional law was not allowed to pronounce the word "constitution." A distinguished lawyer told me that he had written a book on the social life of Turkey; fearing detection and possible persecution, he had burned the manuscript. An artist, who had studied painting in Paris eleven years ago, was forbidden to return—his dearest wish denied him. Any association with foreigners was certain to lead to suspicion and espionage. An ambassador came to take his leave of a Turkish gentleman. "Many of my compatriots will be sorry to lose you," said the Turk. "I fear they will not," replied the ambassador; "for, apart from the officials with whom I have had to come in contact, you are the only Turk I know." In 1901, all heads of families employing European tutors

or governesses were ordered to dismiss them. Three or four could not dine together without being "reported on." There was no end to the odious and often absurd activity of the Sultan's spies. Since the Revolution there has been published the text of a letter dated August 11, 1905, from one Vamik-Chukri Bey, an official in the Ministry of the Interior, who deems it his duty to draw his superiors' attention to a newspaper article on the Russo-Afghan War. The town of Khiva, he says, obviously stands for the celebrated reforming priest Chiva, and the defeated Afghans are in reality the Turks! The evils of the old *régime* made quite as deep an impression upon the best of the Turks themselves as upon the Christians. Their feelings may be summed up by some lines from the chief poem of Tewfik Fikret Bey, a patriot who has lived to see the destruction of the evils which he deplored in secret. The poem has been translated by Miss Jenkins, of the Home College at Scutari, in a metre which imitates the original couplets:—

"O Fear, armed Fear, to whose swift downfall go
From the widow and orphan each loud plaint of woe. . . .
O laws but tradition, O Tyranny, 'neath
Whose oppression no safety nor right but to breathe.

O Justice, the courts have expelled thee for aye,
Unredeemable promise, eternal lie.
People, losing all power of emotion from fear,
To you is aye stretched out Suspicion's long ear.
O mouths dumbly locked by the fear of the spy,
Popularity wide brings but Hate in full cry.
To be Policy's slave, Sword and Pen, is your lot;
O great Moral Law, e'en thy visage forgot."

The Sultan's rule was not merely malignant. It was stupid. Its favouritism became ridiculous. It sent ambassadors to the European capitals, or envoys to the Hague Conference, who could hardly read or write; names might be mentioned, but it is useless to rake up the past. It was monstrously extravagant. A navy whose engines were thick with rust, and whose ships could not leave their moorings, was commanded by seven thousand naval officers. The luxury of Yildiz Kiosk, and the swarm of new palaces which accommodated his favourites or imprisoned his possible rivals, drained away the scanty resources of the State, while the potential wealth of its once fertile soil was left undeveloped. The old *régime* had only one merit: it was picturesque. There were, and perhaps there are, observers of such singular mental detachment that for this one virtue they forgave it all its sins. They loved the "Old Turk," the

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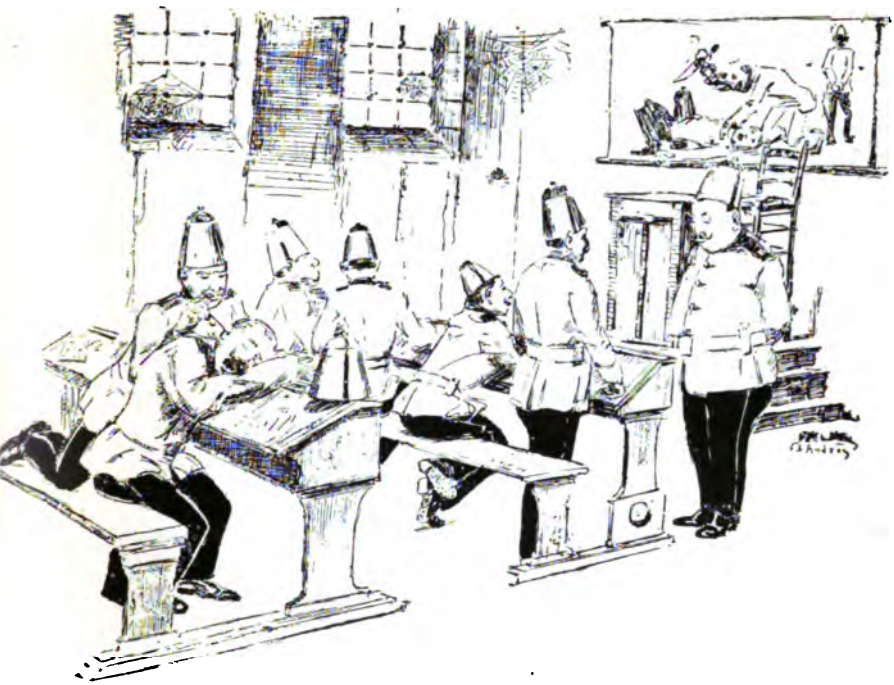
Ecole de Police. پولیس مکتبی



JUSTICE AND POLICE UNDER THE SULTAN'S GOVERNMENT. [*Kalem*.

Instructor. What is the Police?
Pupil. The instrument for the execution of Justice.
Instructor. And what is Justice?
Pupil. The regular payment of the salaries of the Police.

Note the sleeping pupil, the cobwebs, and the picture of the policeman standing with his back to the murderer. The *Kalem*, or *Pen*, from which I have reproduced this and several other cartoons, would take high rank as a comic weekly in any country. It is one of the happiest literary products of the Turkish Revolution.

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one kind of human product which could possibly flourish in such an atmosphere; resigned, fatalist, religious, happy-go-lucky, hospitable; content either to sit cross-legged, enjoying his cigarettes and his wives, or, if need were, to rise and slay the infidel at the pleasure of the "Padishah." He was the perfect individualist, caring neither the one way nor the other for his neighbours or his government, letting the world go by as it pleased. If there is such a thing as a Sultan's gratitude, he is the man who deserves it.

But even the Old Turk had to be a man of much endurance. The taxes, nominally light, were increased by the extortion of the tax farmers. Sometimes they would refuse a receipt, and then collect the tax a second, a third, and even a fourth time; and the utmost brutality was used. The licence of the freebooters meant the suffering of the peasant. And the weight of the despotism often fell heaviest of all on the Army, so dear to the hearts, so interwoven with the life, of the Turkish people. The unwisdom of thus straining loyalty to the breaking-point seems so obvious that it almost justifies the Sultan's claim to be the arch-revolutionist.

An officer told me that, being ordered to drive out a "band" from the marshes of Yenidje,

he asked for some iron plates to be fixed on the punts, so that the soldiers might be protected from fire in approaching the rebel position. He was contemptuously refused. He reported that the serious pursuit of the bands required camping out for many nights at a time in the hills, but that the soldiers had no blankets or warm clothes. He was told that the soldiers must do their work, and not grumble. Pay was constantly in arrear—which explains, if it cannot justify, the terrible looting of villages whose traces I have seen in Macedonia. Men were kept with the colours for as long as twice the legal period. The Young Turk officers did not fail to point the moral. The belief in the "Padishah" was slowly but surely sapped, among the only men who could support his government. "This is what comes," they said, "of having a Sultan who rules without consulting his people."

Meanwhile, the seed of liberty was germinating in other ground. Every man who had suffered; every man who had studied in Europe, or secretly consorted with Europeans, or heard strange doctrine from the lips of innocent teachers of the French language; every man who had once glowed with enthusiasm for the

short-lived Constitution of 1876, or had passed through the École Civile, where the tradition of those days has never been wholly suppressed, was a potential reformer. The Sultan's remark was not so very wrong after all. The driving force of the movement, without which all the ideas of all the sages would have achieved nothing, was the misery which he himself created, the common round of ingenious oppression which he dealt out to every class and every race in his afflicted Empire.[1]

[1] On this chapter, part of which appeared in print before this book was written, an evening newspaper made the following comment: "Some curious tales come from the Turkish capital. . . . This belief that the blood-stained Sultan is the real author of Turkey's happiness makes too great a demand upon human credulity."

CHAPTER II

THE OLD MACEDONIA

ONLY those can fully realise what the Young Turks have accomplished who have seen something of the conditions from which they delivered their country. The provinces of which English readers have heard the most are those of Armenia and Macedonia. The sufferings of the latter country were perhaps those which most impressed the mind of Europe, since its inhabitants were Europeans; people who ought to belong to the comity of civilised nations; people akin to those who, when liberated from the Hamidian tyranny, proved themselves capable of maintaining orderly, and sometimes progressive, governments. Its internal problems had also given rise to international complications. I had an opportunity of visiting it less than nine months before the Revolution.

In Drama, in Serres, in Salonica there was

some talk of progress. Europe had succeeded in attaching foreign officers to the gendarmerie in the capacity of inspectors, and in setting up a Financial Commission on which the great Powers were represented, but which, though it might criticise the budget to its heart's content, had no power to alter it. There were even "civil agents," the relics of the last reform scheme but one, who accompanied the Inspector-General on his annual progress through the country, and spent the rest of their time enjoying the sea breezes of Salonica. Something had certainly been accomplished. The officers of all the Powers concerned had worked manfully in their restricted and humiliating sphere. The presence of foreigners, with the right to photograph outrages, if not to prevent them, had drawn aside the veil which formerly concealed Macedonia from Europe. Yet, even here, complaints were rife. The gendarmerie was not allowed to do its proper work; there was constant and vexatious interference by the authorities; any effort to question particular items in the estimates was resisted by the President of the Financial Commission, as infringing the sovereignty of the Sultan. The prison-fortress, which dominated the town, contained fifteen hundred prisoners sentenced to terms of

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SALONICA : THE WHITE TOWER.

On my visit in 1907 a Bulgarian had just been hanged here, and his body exposed to public view for three days.

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over three years, seventy of whom were confined in a room fourteen feet by forty. A Bulgarian had just been hanged in public at the White Tower and his body exposed for three days. The alleged crime had been committed six years before; three prisoners had been condemned to death; after three years, the sentence on two of them was reversed; but both of these had already died in prison.

These, however, were small matters; it was when we travelled into the country that we began to understand the stern reality. Since 1903, the date of the Bulgarian rising, things had gone from bad to worse. No amount of oppression will prevent the peasant and his wife from tilling the field and going to market, for the landlord must have his share of the harvest and the family must be fed; and the traveller, hospitably entertained, may find some signs of prosperity if he chooses to limit himself to the surface of what he sees. In Macedonia, however, he cannot shut his eyes to the evidence of the destroyed villages through which he must ride from time to time —some still level with the ground, others, whose houses were formerly of stone and slate, built up into ragged hovels of mud

bricks and rough thatch. We passed near the lake of Yenidje, where, unknown to us, one of the most active members of the Committee of Union and Progress was operating with a small body of unpaid and ill-clad soldiers against the rebel bands. The villagers had been forbidden to go near the marshes, whose osier-beds they used for basket-making, and found themselves deprived of their former livelihood. We passed through Karaferia, the ancient Beroea, where, again unknown to us, a prominent member of the Committee was living quietly on his farm. Journeying through Monastir and Resna, we reached Ochrida, on the borders of Albania, a beautiful little town clustering round a hill on the borders of the great lake which bears the same name, and in full view of the towering Pindus range. The old city wall crowns the hill, and the massive, dark-yellow ruins of what was once the capital of a Bulgarian Czar catch your eye from afar as you approach at evening across the plain. A Turkish "Murder Committee" was the local institution which, at that particular moment, monopolised the popular interest. The late governor (*kaimakam*) was a Young Turk. A year before he had secretly implored a friend of

mine to obtain for him a copy of Herbert Spencer. He interfered to prevent the murders. As a consequence, he had just been removed from his post by the superior authorities. Our host was a foreigner under consular protection—no one else dared to take us in. He declared that things were going from bad to worse. Nothing short of an international occupation, like that of Crete, would suffice to restore order. The people of all races would quickly learn to value peace and tranquillity, and after a time the only thing needed would be an efficient gendarmerie. Nothing, however, was to be hoped from the present government. The Turkish soldiers were constantly pillaging. What else could they do? They were good fellows (*braves gens*), but they were unpaid. It was the Government's fault.

The country, indeed, was swarming with soldiers. The railways carried very little else. The land was going out of cultivation. Prices had risen enormously; famine was aiding the work of persecution. The great hope of the people was emigration, which the government encouraged. Great numbers of men had gone —an average of two per family in some places; one village with two hundred and fifty houses had lost four hundred of its men. The women

were working the land in the immediate neighbourhood of the villages. The more distant fields, to which the men would formerly tramp for many miles in the small hours of the morning, were lying fallow; for the order had gone forth that no one must be out at night. Since the rising the Government had found it more convenient to keep down the male population by playing upon the rivalries of Greeks and Bulgarians. These rivalries were perpetually intensified by the near prospect of some interference by the Powers of Europe, which might bring territorial changes, and possibly end in a partition. There was as much destruction of life by Christians as by Moslems. While the Inspector-General assured us that the Government inquired into every alleged evil and that none remained unremedied, the foreign consuls were reporting an average of two hundred political murders a month. . . . In one *kaza* (rural district) where we spent a night not less than a hundred had taken place in the past seven months.

Returning to Monastir, and dining in the pleasant little Hotel Royal, where the tables are set out in the neatly-kept garden, it was easy, much more easy than one imagines when

IN THE STREETS OF MONASTIR.

Bulgarians at a street-corner.

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at a distance, to forget the horrors of wh ich one's eyes and ears gave daily proof. Yet it could not be for long. A violent outrage in a neighbouring street was reported as we sat at dinner. The thing would keep forcing itself upon us, invading our peace, even here, in the well-paved town, whose white plastered houses and numerous mosques, with their intermingled trees, make a pleasant and refreshing contrast to the dull grey of the surrounding amphitheatre of hills. "We think things are getting better," said our companion, "because we are getting more used to them." It seemed, indeed, as if there were no way out of the vicious circle of violence and retaliation. Every party to the odious struggle was sinking into lower depths of moral degradation. The Bulgarian population, especially, was becoming desperate. There was wild talk in irresponsible quarters about attacking the property and persons of foreigners, to compel the attention and the interference of Europe. The idea of killing aroused no horror; it was becoming one of the commonplace facts of daily life.

And then, strangely, suddenly, there was a noise in the street. It was a small wedding-party, and a band was leading it, and the band

was playing—yes, the Marseillaise! Nearer came its sharp, short notes, its gaiety, its triumphant impudence, the tune with the throb of liberty in it, the song that changed the face of Europe.

"Allons enfants de la patrie,
Le jour de gloire est arrivé;
Contre nous de la tyrannie
L'étendard sanglant est levé" . . .

It was dying away already. There was silence once more in the deserted street. Was it the chance selection of an indifferent bandmaster? Or had it, all unknown to the ignorant authorities, a meaning for the initiated—and the added sweetness of the stolen waters?

I could not tell. I asked myself no such questions; there was nothing in the pervading atmosphere of gloom to suggest them. I forgot the incident; and only unearthed it, in a corner of my notebook, some weeks after the "day of glory" had in fact arrived.

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SALONICA.

A general view over bright red roofs. Mosques in the distance

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CHAPTER III

SOWING THE SEED

SALONICA, the principal city of Macedonia, lies on the shore of a broad gulf, across which, on a clear day, may be seen the towering outline of Mount Olympus. The ancient walls rise from the edge of the water and slope up the hills on which the town is built, enclosing it in a rough semicircle, except where, along the quays, the commerce and pleasure of modern times has broken through the old limits and extended a line of buildings beyond them on either side. At one point in the walls the sculptured piers and buttresses of a Roman arch mark the place where the famous road, the Via Egnatia, left Thessalonica, and cut straight across the Balkan peninsula to the Adriatic Sea. There is an atmosphere of freedom about Salonica, of up-to-dateness in its thriving trade, neat, white

houses, and well-paved streets lined with trees. There has been, indeed, greater liberty there than in almost any other part of the Empire. To this the large Jewish population has contributed. The Jewish women are, indeed, the most picturesque element in the town, with their white dresses loosely caught up at the waist, the hair in long plaits down the back, and the bright and many-coloured handkerchiefs which they wear over their heads and shoulders. Their unveiled faces and free and dignified motions are one of the pleasantest sights which the traveller in Turkey, accustomed to veils and black robes, encounters on reaching Salonica. This was the place which gave birth to the Revolution.

In saying this, I do not forget the gradual and secret permeation of Western ideas which had been in progress for half a century. This is a part of the history of Turkey which remains to be written. In the intellectual sphere, the greatest debt of Young Turkey is her debt to France. It was through French books or French translations of English books, through intercourse with Frenchmen, through the ideas and traditions of French democracy, that the mind of Turkey was awakened. It

was the exiles in Paris, again, who suggested to the reformers of Turkey the idea of a definite organisation. It was in Paris that their activities culminated, at the end of 1907, in a secret revolutionary congress at which Turks, Armenians, Greeks, Bulgarians, Jews, Arabs, and Albanians were all represented, and which, if the reports of the French Socialist press were correct, resolved to work for the abdication of the Sultan and the summoning of a Parliament.

It was in Salonica, however, that the body was formed which struck the blow. An informal "Committee of Liberty" was started there several years ago. In 1906 it allied itself with the Paris Committee, which thenceforward became its Paris branch; and it grew rapidly into the definite and complete organisation which was ultimately to destroy the tyranny of the Sultan. A definite impetus was given to the movement at this time by causes which lay in the sphere of foreign, rather than of home, politics. The evils of the home government were little worse than they had been for years; but the foreign Powers were becoming active again. The joint naval demonstration initiated by Lord Lansdowne at

the end of 1905 had just taken place. The enemies of the Turkish government, whether moved by self-interest or by the claims of humanity, were renewing their attacks. There was even talk of a partition of Macedonia. If things were to continue as they were, the province would be lost to the Empire. It was time for more definite preparations and a more strenuous policy.

It was in such circumstances that the secret society was formed which has since become known to the world as the Committee of Union and Progress. Its history and its work are by no means easy to learn with accuracy, for the habit of secrecy is strong, and the principles of association forbid its members to divulge the names of the leading men. Nothing written with any authority has yet found its way into print, and many of the details must for the present be taken as uncertain. It is possible, however, to indicate the general outline of events.

The original founders, whoever they may have been, had first to decide upon the method of enlisting new members. One of them would offer to the intended proselyte to make known to him a secret of profound moment, but only

on the condition that he would swear beforehand never to reveal it to another without permission. If he was willing to do this, and appeared worthy of trust, he was solemnly sworn, and the ideas of the Society were explained to him.

The next stage, however, was the most important, and it was invested with every circumstance of awe and solemnity. The form of initiation crystallised into a definite ritual. The man was blindfolded, and led to a secret place whose whereabouts was entirely concealed from him. The bandage was then removed from his eyes, and he found himself, perhaps in a darkened room, perhaps in a lonely hollow of the hills, in the presence of three strangers wearing black masks. These administered to him the oath which was to become the rule of his life. Swearing on the sword and on the Sacred Book, he bound himself to devote his whole energies to the redemption of his country, to obey every order given to him through the channels of the Society, never to reveal its secrets, and to kill any person, however near and dear to him, whom it might condemn to suffer death. His eyes were again covered, and he was led back

to the place from which he had started on the mysterious journey.

His fidelity was afterwards tested by a prolonged novitiate, during which his conduct was watched by the members, with none of whom, except his original introducer, he was allowed to become acquainted. Finally, he was affiliated to one of the local branches, which might consist of one or two hundred members. Of these, however, he was not permitted to know more than four. Five was the largest number which ever met together in a single group. For the purposes of communication, each group contained one "guide" who received the orders of the Committee from the representative of another group, and whose business it was to pass them on without a moment's delay. That there must have been some directing body, presumably in Salonica, is obvious; but its identity has never been divulged. The only ascertainable fact is the statement of the members of the Committee that there was no single leader. It is estimated that there were in the European provinces, during the final stage of the revolutionary work, some twenty thousand initiated members. In Asia there was probably a somewhat smaller

number. The expenses were defrayed by a contribution consisting of at least 2 per cent. of every member's income.

The work of this Committee was difficult and dangerous in the extreme. It was impossible to use the local post-offices for fear of discovery, and all messages had to be conveyed personally. No small part was played by women, who took advantage of the inviolability of the harem, and conveyed written messages concealed about their dress. The whole of the work had to be conducted in the face of an elaborate system of official espionage whose ramifications were everywhere, and whose organisation was as perfect as experience could make it. The Committee developed a rival system; the spies became known, and were spied upon in their turn; the death penalty was sometimes ruthlessly applied. The despotism, in a word, was fought with its own weapons. The limitation of each member to his own little group was a safeguard against any single betrayal on a large scale; but among so great a number of members, including many Christians and Jews as well as Turks, there must have been countless opportunities for treachery. From time to time arrests were

made by the Government; imprisonments and executions followed; endeavours, not stopping short of torture, were used to obtain incriminating evidence. But there is no proof of a single betrayal by any initiated member. There seems to have been, in the working of this widespread association of isolated units, a complete though half-unconscious co-operation. The idea of the absolute equality of all members, one of the first laws of the Society, was perhaps the chief source of its strength. Its authors had before them the example of the "Internal Organisation" of the Macedonian Bulgars, from which they drew many hints. They determined, however, to avoid the danger of rival leaderships. They were enabled to create a revolutionary weapon perhaps unparalleled both in force and quality.

How could all this activity remain unknown to the outside world? The answer is that its continued existence depended entirely on its secrecy. "We could not communicate with you," said the Young Turks to the Balkan Committee, "though we knew that your objects were really the same as ours; so we resolved to convince you by our deeds."

A few foreigners dimly saw that discontent

was beginning to take a more organised form, and prophesied some great change on the death of the Sultan. I look back at the notes I made in Constantinople the year before the Revolution: "Disaffection rife. . . . New theology movement, liberal. . . . Recent events at Erzeroum, refusal to pay taxes, recall of Vali, &c. . . . Definite organisation of liberal Turks in Anatolia. . . . Turks talk sedition freely in private. . . . —— does not think any substantial change will take place on Sultan's death. . . . Opinion widespread that no great improvement will be effected without war." But for the most part, "those who knew" were taken entirely by surprise; and to the outsider, warned as he so often is of the danger of deception, it is some consolation that at any rate he cannot be more profoundly mistaken than were the experts themselves.

We knew, in a general way, the Young Turk policy; but the actual Young Turks whom we met were too often of an unimpressive type, restless, dissatisfied, denationalised, frequenters of cafés-chantants, ashamed rather of the primitiveness and ignorance of their government than of its inhumanity and corruption. The force, the ubiquitousness, the

elaborate organisation, were all hidden from us. It is only now, after the event, that we can begin to piece together the history of this amazing Revolution.

The Committee's work among the officers of the Army was perhaps the most far-reaching in its results. Macedonia was chosen as the chief field for its operations. There it was easier than elsewhere to communicate with Europe. There the officers had before their eyes the obvious and imminent danger of a disruption of the Empire. There they could contrast their own condition with that of the foreign officers whom Europe had forced upon the Sultan as reformers of the gendarmerie—men in smart uniforms, regularly paid, promoted for their merit. The great majority of the officers of the 3rd Army Corps, which has its headquarters at Salonica, were in time won over. This was early seen to be the key of the situation, since the 3rd Army Corps, if it had remained unconverted, could have suppressed the Revolution in a week. The younger officers, who had received at the military school a good general education, were readily gained. In their turn they became the most active of the propagandists. The more thoroughly they

were devoted to their career and the more keen was their professional ambition, the longer was their list of grievances. The largest number of converts were among the men who had been trained at the Staff College. They ingeniously persuaded the War Office that the commandant of every battalion should, if possible, be a Staff College man. A later suggestion—of course quite unconnected with the first—was that the commandant should be allowed to choose his subordinate officers. This also was acceded to, though the authorities never quite laid aside their suspicion, and in every battalion there was at least one officer who was recognised as a Palace spy, and was known to possess the cypher through which he could communicate direct with Yildiz Kiosk. The "converted" officers were the means of winning over the common soldiers. The relations between officers and men in the Turkish Army are intimate; the rank and file follow their superiors like children. The troops were scattered over the country in small bodies, and many opportunities presented themselves of instilling, slowly and carefully, sentiments of discontent, resentment, and hope. I have described elsewhere the hardships which the common

soldiers had to suffer. Full advantage was taken of these. It was not into Macedonia alone that the new principles were carried. Dr. Nazim Bey, for instance, was working for eighteen months before the Revolution, disguised as a preacher, among the regiments stationed in Asia Minor.

The propaganda was spread far and wide among all classes. The romantic history of the adventures, disguises, and discoveries, of the subterranean scheming and plotting, has yet to be written. Some members of the Committee turned themselves into hawkers, or village pedlars, selling beads or nicknacks all day, in the hope that they might be able, unseen and unknown, to slip into trusted hands a copy of the revolutionary journal, the *Meshveret*. One member kept a barber's shop in Bagdad; another took the post of cook in the Sultan's kitchen. In many parts of the Empire there were men practising ostensibly as doctors or lawyers, whose real business was the dissemination of liberal ideas, or the formation of local branches of the Committee. Some entered, as coachmen or domestics, into the service of suspected officials, whose secrets they learned on the back-stairs. A peculiarly successful *coup*

was made at the Salonica post-office. The staff was won over to a man, and, in addition, the *entourage* of the Inspector-General was engaged in the game. Newspapers and other literature were forwarded from abroad, under cover to His Excellency himself, and duly handed over to the real consignees.

A powerful impulse was given to the movement by the events which startled the diplomatic world in the winter of 1907. Austria-Hungary, it appeared, while ostensibly urging reforms on the Porte, had really been bargaining for the construction of a railway through Novi-Bazar, which might ultimately give her the control of Macedonia. Sir Edward Grey was leading what was left of the Concert of Europe towards more drastic reforms, to be imposed from without on the unwilling Turkish Government. England and Russia were drawing together; and the meeting of King Edward and the Czar at Reval seemed to portend a new and more active policy in the Near East, which would lead up, sooner or later, to the disruption of the Sultan's Empire. It was felt that the time to act was at hand. The date of the intended rising was fixed for the feast of Bairam, in the coming autumn of 1908. Precise

calculations were made as to which troops could be relied on for the revolt. It was expected to involve a civil war of not less than six months. The commanders were chosen, and it was even agreed that the khaki uniform of the light infantry should be adopted, rather than the blue. New efforts were made to strike terror into the official spies. On June 12th an attempt was made on the life of Nazim Bey, the *commandant de place* of Salonica, who was on the point of leaving for Constantinople with the information which he had collected as to the new movement. In consequence of this incident, a special commission was sent from the capital to Salonica. Its nominal business was the inspection of military stores. Its real object, however, was well known. It was to discover the persons concerned in the movement, and thus enable the Sultan to suppress it with a strong hand. At its head was Ismail Mahir Pasha, the chief man in the Secret Intelligence Department. The fat was in the fire.

CHAPTER IV

THE TWENTY-FOURTH OF JULY

THE commission presided over by Ismail Mahir—who in December last paid the penalty by the hand of an assassin in the streets of Stamboul—took no trouble to conceal its real purpose. It took up its quarters in the principal hotel, summoned witnesses, and conducted its examinations openly. Though the existence of a seditious organisation was known, its power was by no means realised. The calculation of the authorities was, perhaps, that the movement would collapse when it was shown that the Government was alive to it, and that the immediate punishment of a few leading men would inspire their followers with enough fear to keep them quiet. The commission was dilatory, and the month of June was over before their report was ready. They had discovered the outline of the Committee's organisation, and were able

to give some definite facts as to the spread of the liberal movement in the Army. One of the most important members of the Committee was arrested in Salonica. The house of another was entered by the police and searched. Enver Bey, whose name has since become so famous, was not threatened with punishment, but was invited to the capital in a letter couched in friendly terms, and containing a promise of promotion. He knew what the invitation was worth, and that the only promotion he was likely to obtain was promotion to the bottom of the Bosphorus. In consultation with his comrades he resolved that the moment had come to take the final step. He immediately fled from Salonica to the mountains of the interior. Assuming the dress of a peasant, and allowing his beard to grow, he travelled rapidly from place to place, now collecting groups of villagers and explaining the situation to them, now communicating with the officers of the various detachments, and urging them to put the final touches to their preparations.

The first overt act—and the first sign of the coming storm which reached the ears of Europe—took place at Resna. The little town in the heart of the mountains, where I took lunch in

the inn one sunny day, less than a year before the Revolution, is a picturesque collection of low, tumble-down houses with overhanging wooden balconies. The muddy trickle, which flows down the very middle of the main street, serves the common purpose of wash-house, drinking-trough, and sewer. The town, together with the lake of Presba, lies in a small but flat plain, surrounded by high though not very rocky hills, bare as a rule at the summits, but clothed up the side in most places with dense oak scrub. It was from Resna that the signal was given for the Macedonian rising of 1903.

Here, on July 4, 1908, a brevet-major, Niazi Bey by name, first raised the banner of revolt. He spread the report that a rebel band was in the neighbourhood, and thus sent off the greater part of the local garrison on a wild-goose chase. No sooner were their backs turned than he collected 18 soldiers, a few civil officials, and about 150 of the Moslem population; secured 75 rifles, 15 boxes of ammunition, and, what was more important, £600 in cash from the battalion fund; and set off into the hills. There was at first a panic among the Christian inhabitants, for Niazi, a rough, soldierly man of gigantic height, had gained a reputation for

ferocity in his operations against rebels. But his first proclamation allayed their fears. "We have come out to fight against the despotism, if necessary. But our objects are pacific and liberal. We call upon all Ottoman subjects to inaugurate a new era of equality. To you Christians we say, the great Powers and the Balkan States have done nothing for you. They have only sowed discord between you while playing for their own hand. Our government is also to blame. Let us work together for our country. I promise freedom to every race and creed, on condition that they renounce all ideas of annexation to other countries. So long as a Turk remains alive, this country will belong to the Ottomans. I appeal to all the bands to report themselves to me and arrange a common programme." Two lieutenants from a neighbouring garrison, with their men, and a number of gendarmes, bringing 70 rifles in all, immediately joined him. A battalion was sent from Monastir to capture him. It was commanded by one of his best friends, and marched into his camp as a reinforcement. He compelled the local prefect (*mudir*) to take letters to the Inspector-General and the governor (*vali*) of Monastir, stating that "he had left

the service, and would defend freedom, truth, and property without distinction of race or religion." "At Constantinople," we read in the newspapers of the day, "the occurrence has made a deep impression, as it is attributed to Young Turk influences."

The next three weeks are a period of wild rumours, and a confused ebb and flow; of growing dismay at Yildiz and growing hope and determination at Monastir. While Enver is carrying the fiery cross from village to village, Niazi is forming the nucleus of the army of revolution; for a civil war is anticipated. He moves towards Florina, a picturesque little country town on the edge of the plain of Monastir; then westwards to the lake of Ochrida, which I have already described. Here he establishes his headquarters at Starova. He issues another proclamation, declaring that the Constitution of 1876 must be revived. He calls upon all the inhabitants to furnish food supplies to the "patriots," who now number 200; receipts will be given as in time of war. He wires to the Sultan demanding immediate surrender. His numbers are constantly reinforced. On the 14th he is joined by a general of division. Meantime the small, scattered garrisons of the neighbourhood mutiny

one by one. They break into the depôts and distribute the arms among the population, Christians included. Castoria comes over on the 7th, Serres on the 16th, Tikvesh on the 17th, Vodena on the 21st. Placards demanding the Constitution are posted up at Monastir on the 6th, but torn down by the police; forwarded to Constantinople on the 7th; issued to the representatives of the great Powers on the 19th. Ninety officers telegraph to the Sultan from Monastir, demanding immediate redress of grievances.

The Albanians begin to move. At Korcha they declare their union with the revolutionaries. At Liuma and Ferizovitch and Prishtina they expel the Turkish officials. The movement culminates on the 22nd, when they meet at Ferizovitch in numbers variously estimated at from ten to fifteen thousand, and telegraph to the Sultan that they have taken the oath (*bessa*) in favour of the Constitution. The method of their conversion still remains a mystery. The Young Turk envoys seem to have played upon their disgust with continued bloodshed; their desire for schools, which the Sultan had forbidden; their demand for economic development to relieve their poverty; their

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MONASTIR.

A street near which General Shemshi Pasha was shot on entering his carriage to drive to Resna to suppress the incipient Revolution.

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hatred of the Austrians, stimulated to fury (so the story goes) by the opening of a new café-chantant in Uskub.

During all this time the Palace is not inactive. General Shemshi Pasha, who has been operating against the Albanians at Mitrovitza, is sent to Monastir to crush the revolt. As he is entering a carriage, against the advice of his friends, to drive to Resna, he is shot. General Nachmi is ordered to succeed him, but refuses the task. General Osman Feizi is appointed, but is told to proceed slowly, and attempt to win over the insurgents with promises of promotion, decorations, and gifts. On the day before the grant of the Constitution we hear of him carried off to Ochrida, without violence, and placed under the surveillance of Niazi. Absurd official despatches are continually issued from Constantinople. The "abnormal occurrences among the troops" are at one moment declared to be "at an end." At the next, the whole of the officers of the 3rd Army Corps are cashiered—a semi-official comment being added to the effect that "this difficult order" may not be immediately executed. On the 8th Enver Bey is reported killed; he writes to a Vienna paper that he is "living with his

heroic comrades in the hills, to combat the atrocities of the absolutist *régime*, and to obtain a National Assembly as a means of putting an end to the fratricidal murders hitherto occurring in his beloved fatherland." A few days pass, and we hear of him as being promised forgiveness and promotion to the rank of general if he returns to his allegiance. The disaffection spreads to the 2nd Army Corps at Adrianople, where the troops have been for some time in a ferment over military grievances. It reaches the 4th Army Corps at Smyrna. The 1st at Constantinople itself cannot be trusted. On July 10th, 38 officers of the 3rd Army Corps are arrested, brought to Constantinople, and imprisoned. On the 16th, an amnesty is proclaimed for all the Young Turk officers in Macedonia. Two divisions are ordered from Smyrna, reach Salonica on the 16th, and are marched to Monastir. But the agents of the Committee are with them, and the work of propaganda, carried on intermittently for months past, is brought to a head on the journey. If they can be persuaded to attack their comrades the civil war will be begun. They refuse to fire. One battalion declares that it will fight against the despotism, but not against its friends.

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SALONICA.

(*a*) The Quay, showing the White Tower in the distance.

SALONICA.

(*b*) The place where the transports arrived from Asia Minor, carrying the troops which the Sultan hoped would be able to put down the revolutionary movement among the 3rd Army Corps in Macedonia.

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Munir Pasha, late ambassador at Paris, is dispatched to Athens and Belgrade with the object, it is believed, of stirring up Greek and Servian bands to attack the revolutionaries. Orders are issued to the authorities in Macedonia to hinder the foreign consuls from obtaining news. Force proving ineffective, conciliation is tried on a magnificent scale. Five hundred and fifty officers receive promotion in a single day. The Government borrows £80,000 from the Ottoman Bank and sends it to Salonica to pay the troops. The 38 imprisoned officers are pardoned and released. On the 22nd the Grand Vizier, Ferid, is dismissed, and the semi-liberal Said put in his place. But the tumult is not allayed; the determination of the Committee is growing. "A belief is prevalent," says the Constantinople correspondent of the *Times*, "that the rising will ultimately necessitate a change in the existing system of government."

A new government has, in fact, already taken the place of the old in Macedonia. The Committee has already begun to assume executive power and to collect taxes. One of the first and happiest results is the disappearance of racial strife. Brigandage, and the war of the bands,

suddenly come to an end. This helps to win over the peaceful inhabitants. Monastir is perfectly quiet; the peasants, to a man, are on the side of the Young Turks. But there is another side to the revolutionary government. It resolves to strike terror into the heart of every reactionary. A military chaplain, on his way to Constantinople to report on the movement, is shot at Salonica; a member of the ill-fated commission of inquiry is fired at and wounded the next day; the President, Ismail Mahir, escapes to Constantinople just in time. General Osman Hidayet is shot at Monastir while reading an Imperial order in front of the barracks, in the presence of two thousand troops. The Young Turk officers declare that every general in Macedonia will be killed, unless the Constitution is granted. The murders are deliberate executions, ordered by a responsible authority; when their object is gained, they cease.

Before Europe understands the extent of the movement, and while the newspapers are still giving the first place to the details of the Anglo-Russian reform scheme, Niazi's eighteen men have grown to such a number that they "surround" Monastir. Within the town a vast meeting of citizens is demanding the Con-

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SALONICA.

The Gardens of the White Tower. From this place the telegram was despatched on July 23, 1908, conveying to the Sultan the ultimatum of the Committee of Union and Progress. It was here that the Committee met that night and awaited the Sultan's decision.

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stitution, and 300 officers, assembled in the Public Gardens, have ordered the military band to play the Marseillaise.

The end was now near. On July 23rd a definite ultimatum was presented to the Sultan, in the form of a telegram from the Committee of Union and Progress at Salonica. It stated that unless the Constitution — understood to mean the Constitution of 1876—were granted within twenty-four hours, the troops of the 2nd and 3rd Army Corps would march on the capital. The scene now shifts to Constantinople. The telegram having arrived during the morning, the Sultan had the afternoon and night during which to consider his reply. There was no time for delay, and the Palace officials hastily consulted together as to who should present His Majesty with the telegram. He was fully informed of the course of events, which his favourites were afraid to conceal for fear of the possible consequences. But it might be surmised that the person who announced the fatal news would not be looked upon with favour, and none showed much enthusiasm for the task. At last Galib Pasha, the Master of the Ceremonies, took in the ultimatum. To his astonishment the Sultan received it with the utmost calmness,

and said that the Constitution was an excellent idea. He had in fact been working for it and hoping to restore it. At the Council of Ministers, however, which was hastily assembled that night at Yildiz Kiosk, he seems to have reconsidered his position, and to have revolted, not unnaturally, at the idea of yielding to the peremptory order of an unrecognised society. The question was debated keenly and long. The opinion of Said Pasha and Kiamil Pasha was strongly in favour of giving in. The telegram from the Albanians at Ferizovitch was a heavy blow. But against it might be set the loyalty of the Palace Guard, of a part, perhaps, of the 1st Army Corps at Constantinople, and of all the reactionary elements in the Asiatic provinces. The decision trembled in the balance. The Sultan's favourite Arab astrologer was consulted, and is said to have been the first to pronounce the fatal word "Constitution." The final turn was given by the opinion of the Sheikh-ul-Islam, who declared that the Constitution was in accordance with the Sacred Law, and that the Sultan would come into conflict with that law if he refused to grant it. After eighteen hours of the twenty-four had elapsed, in the early morning of July 24th, the Sultan's acceptance was telegraphed to

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SALONICA.

Rejoicings after the grant of the Constitution. A procession of Bulgarians.

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Salonica. In that night the despotism fell, unhonoured and undefended. Men awoke in the morning, and it was gone.

Strangely enough, when the news of the final surrender reached the headquarters of the Revolution, it was found to be wholly unnecessary. The Constitution was already proclaimed. The Ministers might have spared their breath, as far as Macedonia was concerned. It was already free. On the day before, the announcement had been made at Monastir, Veles, and a score of other towns. At Salonica the people had marched in procession to the Inspector-General and induced him, half by persuasion and half by compulsion, to read the proclamation in public. By the time that the Sultan's belated capitulation was known the walls were covered with placards, and the populace was parading the streets in honour of Liberty. The Sultan's *firman* was read on the 24th as a matter of form, but the chief event was the release of the political prisoners from the great fortress which stands above the city, at the apex of its ancient walls. The common criminals, finding that the guard had gone off to celebrate the Constitution, walked out as well.

The hastily printed post-cards celebrating the

birth of the Constitution at Salonica are dated, according to the Old Style, the 11th, that is, the 24th, of July.

All was not yet over, however. The *Court Gazette* of July 24th contained the grant of the Constitution, though it was stowed away in a corner, nearly the whole paper being filled with lists of promotions. The next day a general amnesty was proclaimed for political offences, and a decree was published making espionage a crime. But the Sultan's signature to the *iradé* bestowing the Constitution, and his oath to observe it, had yet to be obtained. Some troops of the Macedonian garrison hastily entrained for the capital, and were stationed in the neighbourhood of the Palace. On the 31st four members of the Committee demanded an audience of the Sultan. They entered the Palace with loaded revolvers in their pockets, prepared, if the Sultan refused their request, to take his life on the spot, and sell their own as dearly as might be. In the event of the failure of their mission an attack was to be made by the loyal battalions upon the Palace Guard; the signal was to be given by the dropping of a white handkerchief from the window. The signal was unnecessary. The Sultan signed

THE 24TH OF JULY.

A picture postcard commemorating the grant of the Constitution on July 24, 1908 (Old Style, July 11th). The portrait is that of Enver Bey. The inscription reads, "Long live the Fatherland! Long live the Nation! Long live Freedom!"

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readily, and took the oath, which he subsequently renewed in solemn form before the Sheikh-ul-Islam and the Grand Vizier.

But the Committee were not yet satisfied. The Sultan, after his manner, would not yield a single inch on which it was possible to hold his ground. In his grant of the Constitution he retained in his own hands the appointment of the Ministers of War, of Marine, and of the Interior. He was quickly given to understand that this would not be tolerated. The military and naval officers who had risked their lives for the Revolution were not going to be put off with a paper Constitution, which would leave the Army and Navy under the command of Yildiz; nor were the civilians any more ready to entrust themselves to a "Palace" Minister of the Interior, who would in effect control the departments of Justice and Education, as well as the civil administration. The monarch bowed to the inevitable, and resigned the three most important Ministries to the authority of the future Parliament. He again yielded to popular opinion in the matter of the Grand Vizierate. He had appointed Said Pasha, a man of moderate liberal opinions, in the hope that he might successfully play for the hundredth time

the old game of promising reforms, to be executed on his own initiative at some future date. Public opinion, however, demanded the dismissal of Said, who had been concerned in the withdrawal of the old Constitution, and on August 5th he resigned his post, and was succeeded by Kiamil Pasha.

The sudden attainment of liberty, practically without bloodshed, produced in Macedonia a kind of delirium. The perpetual succession of murders and counter-murders had become stale and disgusting; yet it had seemed as if it could never have an end. The dramatic change of government appeared to break the hideous spell. Fraternity, freedom—words which had lost their meaning in the blind hatred of Turks and Christians, Bulgarians and Greeks—suddenly became realities. The record of the scenes in Salonica reads like the story of a dream. The people gave themselves up to transports of joy. The outlaws who for years had been fighting or plundering in the interior—men with bronzed faces and tattered clothes, but armed to the teeth—marched in from the country. They did not, as has been supposed, lay down their weapons; but they joined in peaceful processions through the streets, they shook hands,

they kissed each other, they sat together in the cafés, they danced and sang with the mixed populace of Jews, Greeks, Bulgarians, and Turks. Bands which had been recruited in Crete or Thessaly, and sent to Macedonia to support the Greek cause, were shipped off, with courtesy but without delay, to their respective homes. The famous chiefs, Apostol, Sandansky, and the rest, whose names had been a terror, but who represented, or had once represented, a genuine native rebellion against a tyrannous government, were *fêted* and applauded. The dignitaries of every Church took part in the demonstrations. Greek metropolitans, Bulgarian priests, and Turkish *mollahs* clasped one another round the neck amid the frantic cheers of the crowd. Special trains, decorated with the red and white emblems of the Constitution, discharged thousands of sight-seers. In the gardens of the White Tower, which the Sultan immediately presented to the Committee of Union and Progress as its head-quarters, the patriotic drama, *Vatan* or "The Fatherland," was performed before a vast audience, for the benefit of the Young Turk funds.

The prevailing excitement extended to the

Turkish women, who threw off their veils for the first time in their lives, and mingled in the celebrations on equal terms with the men. Both freedom and order were jealously guarded. An unwise attempt to apply the censorship of books at the post-office was immediately detected and prevented. A proclamation was issued calling upon all persons, in the name of Liberty, to respect life and property.

Throughout the Empire the immediate effect of the Revolution was very great. The rejoicings of Salonica were repeated in various forms from Janina to Bagdad. At Constantinople the common people, who had not realised the extent of the movement in Macedonia, and regarded the Constitution as the free gift of the Sultan, assembled in vast crowds before Yildiz Kiosk to cheer him. The dismissal of the Palace favourites was demanded and granted. The exiles scattered throughout the distant provinces began to return. Homes were gladdened by the sight of relatives and friends who had not been seen there, perhaps, for five-and-twenty years. The exiled Armenian patriarch, Ismirlian, was restored to his faithful flock; Fuad Pasha, who had been banished to Damascus for protecting Armenian refugees in the awful

Photo by [*l'Aigle.*

CONSTANTINOPLE.

Rejoicings after the grant of the Constitution. A procession through the streets of Pera, the European residential quarter.

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three days of massacre, was received at the quay by enthusiastic crowds of every race; and the event which had earned him his fame and his punishment was recalled by a solemn memorial service at the Armenian cemetery, in which Christian priests and Mohammedan *mollahs* prayed together for the souls of the "martyrs of Liberty."

CHAPTER V

A REVOLUTIONARY PLAY

"HOW it came about" is the title of the play. It had just been written by a young officer of the 3rd Army Corps, Kiazim Bey. It describes the history of the last months of the revolutionary movement. We were taken to the theatre by several members of the Committee of Union and Progress. Among them were officers who had themselves taken part in the actions described; and they told us—with a few smiles at the poetical licence of the author—that the account was correct in all essentials. One of these officers was Enver Bey. They interpreted the play to us in undertones as it proceeded.

The performance was in aid of a public subscription to provide comforts for the Army, which has hitherto suffered terribly every winter from insufficient supplies. It was in every way

a national occasion. It was under the patronage of the Heir-Apparent, His Imperial Highness Rechad Effendi. There, in the chief box to the right, sits Rechad's son, who, with his father, has been imprisoned in a palace on the Bosphorus for years. In the opposite box sits the son of the late Sultan Murad. Neither of these young men has been seen in the theatre before; neither has been allowed, since infancy, any freedom of movement whatsoever. It is not the common people alone who are here to-night to celebrate the birth of liberty!

Suddenly a man rises in front of the orchestra and cries, in tones of thunder, "Yashassun Enver Bey!" ("Long live Enver!"). The audience rises as one man, and turns, a sea of white faces, gazing towards our box, exactly opposite the stage—turns as one may see the leaves of a poplar blown all one way, blown white, by a single gust. In an instant they catch sight of the young, neat-looking officer in his plain dark-blue uniform and grey cavalry cloak, and a roar breaks out, and a prolonged clapping of countless hands. He bows gravely right and left and sits down, muttering that it is all a mistake, that he is not the leader, that all his comrades have worked equally for the

cause. It is a moment not to be forgotten. We are standing side by side with the man who, in the popular estimation, is the Garibaldi of Young Turkey.

The curtain rises immediately on the room of a junior officer, Behalul Bey, with bed, sofa, and writing-table. The scene is in Macedonia. A soldier, his servant, comes in with a letter. "Ah, Hafiz; a letter from home. Here is good news for you, my friend. Your wife is well, they tell me, and the boy growing fast. How long since you saw them? Six years? And you are supposed to have only four years of service. What a government!" . . . A group of four other officers drop in, the day's work over, to take tea with their friend. They are "liberals"—in secret. The talk soon comes round to the great subject, the Cause. "We have talked too long—many have talked. Acts are wanted now, not words." "Yes," says Behalul, who is something of a philosopher, "we may never see the fruit of our labours; but others will see it. It is time to move." A letter is brought in; it is a warning; spies are watching the house. "Let them watch! We are not such fools as to write anything down; they'll find nothing." "I can't stand this Macedonian

business any longer. At Doiran the other day a Bulgar band killed twenty of my fellows. What the devil is it all for?" "Yes; these bands are bad enough," says Behalul; "but can you blame them? No; they've got a definite end in view—liberty—and they're going straight for it. It's awful, the crimes they commit; but at bottom they're right, for all that. Those Albanians, too, near Castoria—it's just the same. What's the use of attacking the bands? They're only the symptom of the evil. We must go to the root, the origin of it—that's what we've got to attack." (Loud applause from the audience.) "The men are dying like flies. The whole Turkish people will be wasted away if we go on like this. The *morale* of the troops is being broken down by this sort of work." "What's the good of all your talk," interposes one—a pessimist—"we are only soldiers; how can we rouse the civilians? Nothing will come of it." "What! have we nothing to appeal to? Here we are to-day shedding our blood to protect a government of robbers—and who *are* we? We are the nation that fought with Mahomet and Suleiman—once the strongest in the world! Yes; and we are the men who have made and unmade Sultans—the men who fired on the tent

of Selim when he rejected the demands of his army in the Persian War! And to-day—the weakest State in Europe; true patriotism, the fundamental virtue of a civilised people, is looked on as a crime by the knaves and lunatics who rule us. You say we can never mend it. I say we can. A Constitution, a Parliament! God will pay back the spies in their own coin one of these days. We shall see them run like dogs! But, in hope or in despair, we are going to work on. We have sworn the oath!"

They go, all but Behalul; and the inevitable lady-love appears, a Greek, Victoria, an orphan brought up by Turks. "The love of a Greek and a Turk will be the symbol of the union of all the Ottoman peoples!"

A noise without. The soldier-servant is refusing entrance to some unwelcome visitor. He is beaten back, the door bursts open, the spy—another officer—bursts in with a file of men; Behalul escapes through the window; they search bed, drawers, curtains, for incriminating papers—all in vain; and the first act closes with a touch of humour, the spy flinging himself down with a heart-broken "Confound it all—I shan't get my promo-

tion!" The audience roars with delight at the unexpected but vivid touch.

The second act is in a remote town of Asia Minor. Behalul just succeeded in escaping from Macedonia, fled to Volo in Thessaly, met and married Victoria (who embraced the Moslem faith and changed her name to "Hope"), and is practising law, disguised as an advocate, in flowing yellow robes, white turban, and a fine black beard. His real work is the formation of a branch of the Committee of Union and Progress. His friend—the pessimist, now converted into a vigorous revolutionist—arrives, sent hither on some military duty. "So I've found you at last! I saw you passing, and almost recognised you. I asked the governor if he knew the new advocate. He said he did, but you were a dangerous man—you talked rank treason sometimes when you were defending cases in the courts. Then I knew at once, of course! How are you getting on?" "Slowly. I have got one or two members. But I want a lot more. Personally I'm all right. I wouldn't take a penny of the Committee's cash—it's all wanted for the Cause—but I'm making a bit of money in the courts. By the way, what happened to my servant

after I cleared off?" "Oh, they flogged him and questioned him, but they didn't get a single name out of him." "That's grand. . . . You'll see one of my new friends directly, the local schoolmaster."

The schoolmaster enters, a half-comic little figure, spectacled, elderly, and timid, but as "sound" as a bell. "If the people knew their rights the despotism would go to pieces like a house of cards. But they are so ignorant! Ah, that despotism—its follies! Here am I, a specialist in Mathematics. First the Government sends me to teach General History; off again, and behold me a teacher of Literature; and here I am, a professor of French, by your leave. And I a specialist in Mathematics! Well, well, it's all the same to me—the only thing I teach them is the Principles of Liberty! But I am too weak. The government service takes all the fibre out of a man. I haven't been bold enough." "What does the Government open schools for? Wouldn't it do better to keep the people in ignorance?" "Oh, they open the schools to keep up a show of enlightenment—to hoodwink the foreign consuls. But they take care to teach as little as possible in them." "Never mind; things are moving.

The soldiers are getting thoroughly discontented. We don't bully them either, like the old-fashioned officers. They love us—and they are getting to love liberty. The Revolution is coming, never fear."

A banging at the door, and again a spy, with his men, bursts in, and the officers are captured and bound. "You traitors, I knew you were plotting all the time." "Oh, please . . . I wasn't here," squeals out the little schoolmaster, and the curtain falls amid inextinguishable laughter.

The third act describes the court-martial. The two officers have been brought back to Macedonia. One member of the Court is a liberal; he comes in alone. Behalul's wife follows and implores him to save her husband. "The Court will condemn him, but never fear," he says mysteriously, "we shall save his life." He tells the secretary to say that he is indisposed and cannot take his place in the Court, and hurries out. The Court enters—old men, most of them shaky, red-nosed, vicious-looking caricatures, whose entry provokes a storm of hisses from the spectators. They are the generals and colonels of the old *régime*, promoted for servility, not for merit. "We have wasted three days—it is time we condemned them.

Disloyalty must be suppressed. No half-measures." The prisoners refuse to sit or salute, but stand defiantly with folded arms. "How can you be disloyal to the Sultan, who has bestowed such benefits on you?" "Ask the spies about benefits—not me! I care nothing for the personality of the Sultan—I am for my country, against the tigers who ravage her." (Applause). "And your precious Committee—what good will that do you?" "It will do everything; it is going to save the Fatherland." (Renewed applause.)

At this moment bugles and hoarse cries are heard outside. A clatter of arms, a smashing of doors, and there breaks in, at the head of a company of infantry, an officer in the khaki uniform of the "chasseurs"—the uniform decided on for the revolutionary war, the uniform actually worn in the first days of the Revolution by the men who are now sitting at our side. There is no disguising it—it is Enver Bey himself; and the vast crowd goes wild with enthusiasm as the prisoners are liberated, the servile judges seized and hurried away. "We only did what Izzet Pasha did—have mercy on us!" "Mercy? What mercy did you show to the women who begged the lives

of their sons, the girls who kissed your feet to save their lovers? You thought yourselves safe —you thought the Committee was a handful of exiles—you never knew the Committee was the Turkish people itself. Away with you!" . . . They acclaim Behalul as the leader. "No, no —I am but a private soldier in the Cause. To the mountains, to raise the standard of the Constitution—and God defend us, God who loves justice!"

The play winds up with an imposing tableau —the revolted troops in the hills of Macedonia, the solemn oath, and a speech full of "liberty," and "fraternity for all," and "long live the Constitution!" But the friend at my side was carried away, his explanations became less and less articulate, his French gave way under the strain, and to his feverish murmurs of "He is absolutely against the despotism" . . . "It is perfectly patriotic" . . . the curtain fell.

PART II

CHAPTER VI

THE FIRST IMPRESSION

I WAS at Constantinople nine months before the Revolution. Roused at the frontier, we saw our innocent shirts and boots rudely dragged out of our bags, our guide-books and novels threatened with confiscation, an endless vista of red-tape complications opening up before us—but fortunately also a recognised system of corruption, moderately cheap, by which a few judicious bribes could avert the threatened evil. Arrived, we found a city of night—spies in every quarter, communication with intellectual Turkish society impossible, St. Sophia inexplicably closed by some sudden whim of the Sultan, suspicion in every face, conversation even in the hotel interrupted by turnings of the head to see who was within hearing distance; the words "liberty"

and "constitution" expunged from all printed vocabularies; bookshops and newspapers scarcely to be seen—a few French and Greek journals as uninteresting and uninforming as the *Court Gazette;* and at the same time rumours—rumours wild and vague on every hand, rumours of disaffection in the Army, of a liberal movement among theological students, of some mysterious upheaval destined to follow the expected death (from disease, of course) of Abdul Hamid, of preparations for flight among the corrupt and cringing camarilla of the Palace, of Pan-Slavist stirrings among the Russian people, and unknown developments in the Foreign Office at St. Petersburg—of things probable and things impossible, things desired and things feared.

But above all, dominating all, Yildiz Kiosk, the Palace, four miles away along the shore of the Bosphorus, the home of the Sultan and of his favourites, the central bureau of the Empire; with its spies, the most perfect intelligence department in the world, its private telegraph wires, its secret cypher unknown to the nominal Ministers of State, the puppets inhabiting the old government offices of the historic "High Gate," the "Sublime Porte" in the heart of the

city of Stamboul—Yildiz Kiosk, with its agents on the remotest confines of the Empire, from lovely Ochrida in the recesses of the Pindus, to Arabia Felix, in the South, and the gloomy wastes of Kurdistan in the East. And gloom was the dominant note in the picture even here at the centre, though the sun glittered on the Bosphorus, and sank in glory behind the long line of grey mosques and white turrets and roofs of brown and red and gold.

I was there again, four months after the Revolution. The customs officer roused us from our midnight sleep in the luxurious berths of the Orient Express, inquired if we had "anything to declare," and, receiving an answer in the negative, politely wished us "Good-night," and switched off the electric light. We were not the poorer, even by a *medjid*, and such dangerous revolutionary gunpowder as the Bible and *The Decline and Fall of the Roman Empire*, not to mention more frivolous literature, glided on undisturbed into the heart of His Imperial Majesty's dominions.

The old turmoil at the station, the scrimmage of the Kurdish porters fighting for the traveller's bags, was—well, not quite gone, but—confined within the rules of the game. There was a

chattering and a liveliness in the streets unknown before. There was happiness instead of gloom in thousands of faces. There was confidence in place of suspicion. There were new book-shops at many of the corners. There were newspaper boys hawking every kind of journal, Turkish, French, Greek, Italian, German, daily, weekly, or occasional. Every one was reading them—the very cabbies, waiting on the box of their broken-down little victorias, were drinking in the new learning—the knowledge of good and evil, of politics, of the things outside, of chancelleries, Parliaments, democratic movements, of the strife of nations, of their armies, their railways, their restless commerce, of all manner of strange amusements, of plays and entertainments, of *causes célèbres*, of the coming and going of the great ones of the earth. Outside the theatre, materials of one sort or another were being unloaded from wagons of the form that Homer describes in the Odyssey, drawn by great black buffaloes with white eyes gazing oddly but peacefully at the sky. Within, Mme. Sarah Bernhardt, about to play *L'Aiglon* to crowded houses of open-mouthed spectators.

But strangest of all, as we clattered over the uneven wooden planks of the bridge that spans

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Photo by] **CONSTANTINOPLE.** *[F.Aigle.*

A procession of voters crossing the Galata Bridge. The Galata Tower crowns the hill to the left.

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the Golden Horn, behold a procession of voters, marching to the sound of the national anthem played by a scratch band of drums and flutes, waving tall red banners which bear the crescent and the star in white, proceeding with perfect order, and indeed with some solemnity of gait and feature, to decide by their votes who shall sit as deputy for the sixth division of Constantinople in the Parliament of the Ottoman Empire.

* * * * *

The word "overwhelming," robbed of its force as it is by too frequent use in the language of exaggeration, is the only one which can at all describe this first impression. A flood of new sights and sounds, of new ideas, rolls in upon the mind; before one is appreciated, another succeeds, and half obliterates it; one has neither the power nor the inclination to reflect, to co-ordinate, to review the situation as a whole. That will come after a week or two. The effort of the moment is to snatch the fleeting pictures and take them in.

It is the new order of things which seizes the imagination—to those at least who knew the Constantinople of former days. But this new order is seen in the light of the old; it stands

out against a background hardly less vivid; that great background of the mysterious and vast city, half Asia, half Europe, its cosmopolitan turmoil, its infinite picturesqueness, the grand outline of low hills crowned with towering domes and slender minarets, the turquoise of the Bosphorus, the forest of masts in the Golden Horn; and, again, the "old *régime*," as they call it now, with its oppressions, its suspicions, its thunder-laden silence, its nameless cruelties; and behind that, again, the atmosphere of history, the conquests, the world-shaking defeats, the Janissaries in revolt, the magnificent walls shattered by the Turkish invader, the long decay of the Empire of the East, with its legions, its great Church of "Holy Wisdom," its echoes of Imperial Rome, Justinian, Constantine—back and back into the earlier dawn, with the Greek adventurers pushing out into the mists of barbarism—all that concentration of the memories of the human race, on a single spot, which makes Time itself seem almost a hallucination.

That is the background which, a year ago, seemed more than enough for the brain to grapple with. And it is still there, insurgent, irresistible. It also has its flood of impressions, and it rolls up still, meeting the new flood, and

the waves break against one another, lose their regular sequence in a whirlpool which baffles the eye, and dissolve momentarily in confusing clouds of spray.

* * * * *

What is it that has produced this amazing change? You talk to the men who have helped to bring about the Revolution. They may be members of the Committee of Union and Progress, or ordinary citizens who have helped in secret to spread the sacred flame, who have longed in secret to breathe the free air, who have suffered, probably, from intolerable restraints, from imprisonment or exile, from the loss of friends and relations. You begin to get glimpses, vivid glimpses, into recent history. The extent of the horrors suffered by countless thousands of Moslems as well as of Christians, under the old *régime*, begin to dawn upon you gradually, incredible at first, driven at last into your mind by fact after fact, one definite minute personal illustration following another. The extraordinary growth of the revolutionary movement opens up before you; the deliberate spreading of discontent among the soldiery; the innumerable devices of a subterranean propagandism—the strange spontaneous co-operation

of a multitude of unconnected human beings, guided by one instinct, one spirit, and urged on by one system of universal oppression, crushing high and low with impartial cruelty and cunning, which made sedition, with all its dangers, preferable to passive acceptance.

Little by little you piece together the history of the fateful days of July—the whole conspiracy threatened with discovery; the sudden resolve to stake all on a premature outbreak; the raising of the standard of the Constitution in the heart of Macedonia; the telegram conveying the ultimatum to the Sultan, and the final collapse of a despotism deserted by its only possible supporters.

And the men who struck this astonishing blow, who put the match to the fire? We hardly know who they are, but here at least are some of them. They are young men; officers, barristers, professors, junior officials, doctors, landowners, journalists; all men in the prime of life. They are modest, taking the whole affair as a matter of course, hardly conscious of the fact that they are the makers of a Revolution unique in history. They march gaily into the chambers of the Palace itself, without impudence, but without the

slightest awe, as if it was the most natural thing in the world to feel at home to-day in the central bureau of despotism, which but yesterday could have sent them to exile or death, and would do it to-day if it had the power.

We are witnessing an interregnum; the Ministry is the creation neither of the Sovereign —who for the time is a *roi fainéant*—nor of the Parliament, for no Parliament exists; it is a dangerous and critical time, and it is well that the men who have been active in the Revolution should keep a close watch, as they are doing to-day, over the general conduct of the various departments.

What of the personalities, on whose action and interaction so much depends? Here is the Sultan, cowed for the time, and accepting definitely, as far as outward action is concerned, the position of a constitutional monarch; the Sheikh-ul-Islam, spiritual head of the Moslem world, whose bold and prompt declaration that the Constitution was in accordance with the law of Islam, probably did more than anything else to make the Revolution a bloodless one; the Grand Vizier, Kiamil Pasha, forced to reckon with the influence of his Sovereign

on the one side and the determined popular demand for drastic reform on the other; Prince Saba-ed-din, holding somewhat aloof from the reformers, doubtful if their aims are sufficiently liberal, fearful of over-centralisation; the various Young Turk leaders, none of whom will admit that he is a leader at all, but many of whom are destined to play a great part in the regeneration of their country — all these are factors in the mysterious and shifting web of politics in the capital of the Ottoman Empire.

We cannot pretend to single out as yet the dominating colours. It is not true that "the East never changes"; that is certain; but out of the East have come strange things, good as well as evil, and there are stranger things yet to come.

* * * * *

Constantinople is under snow.

Opposite our window, across the peaceful harbour of the Golden Horn, is the long line of walls and towers, where the conqueror, Mahomet II., broke through the inviolate defences of Christendom, and bore down the heroic resistance of the last Emperor of the East. At the tip of the "horn," to the right, is a vast expanse of Turkish cemeteries, a profusion of

short pillars, leaning this way and that, each surmounted by a quaint little stone fez. And away to the left stretch the seven hills, which Providence, or imagination, has matched with the seven hills of Rome. On the furthest but one, the original site of the camp of Constantine before he took the citadel of Byzantium, stood the Forum, the centre of public business and private litigation. On or around the furthest of all, still crowned by the dome of St. Sophia, stood the Palace, the government offices, and the Hippodrome, where the chariots whirled past the shining goals, and where the internecine struggles of the "Greens" and "Blues" shook the very foundations of the State.

Now, but for the few great monuments of architecture which still ride above the wrecks of Time, all that flaunting glory has crumbled away into an undistinguished, deliquescent mass of little houses, built mostly of wood, with thickly latticed bay windows—the badge of women's servitude—projecting from the upper storey, and threaded by innumerable lanes, too narrow to be traceable by the eye, even at this short distance.

And to-day, the whole has turned suddenly white, buried under eight inches of snow. An

odd, incongruous spectacle, beautiful when seen in panorama, but chilling to the spirits in a city that craves and enjoys the sun. It spells misery to the poor, for the Turkish interiors are absolutely comfortless, and the walls let in the freezing wind. Even we, fortified with thick boots and the goloshes which are the universal wear of the well-to-do in Constantinople, find one outing sufficient for the day. But the mass of the people must wade and struggle, with no such protection, through the drifts of snow and treacherous pools of muddy slush which impede the passage of the streets. And the homeless, masterless dogs, which are the scavengers of the city, huddle together for warmth, or fight angrily for scraps, or stand motionless, melancholy, appealing.

* * * * *

But the supreme interest of politics is dominant. The elections are nearing completion; the deputies are gathering in the capital. What feelings will find expression among that unknown crowd of Turks, Armenians, Jews, Greeks, Bulgarians, Syrians, Arabs, Kurds? A solid block of keen reformers will form the Centre party; what further groups will crystallise — reactionary, nationalist, or other—it is as yet impossible to predict. The immediate future is full of diffi-

culties, but the intentions of the leaders are unquestionably good. They aim at enforcing order, and at granting equal rights to all races; and they understand that unless they can form a government based on these principles they will forfeit the friendship (now so highly valued) of England. The ancient hatreds and feuds cannot be appeased in a moment; but there is hope; education and thought have spread largely during the last thirty years, in spite of every effort to stifle them, and there is a considerable supply of young men who understand the essentials of a civilised state. War is the supreme danger. An armed conflict, whether successful or unsuccessful, is the one event which may conceivably set the old tyranny on its legs again.

The populace is excited and expectant. Preparations for the opening of Parliament are proceeding fast. Many things are still uncertain. Where will the Parliament assemble? In the Palace of Justice, where it met once before; in the chambers where the dust has accumulated in silence for thirty years, whose doors have never been opened since—save once (so the people say) a few months before the Revolution, when they opened mysteriously of their own accord? Or in the Dolmabakji Palace, a far

finer building, but one whose situation, outside Stamboul and near Yildiz Kiosk, somewhat offends the rising sense of democracy?

And who will open it? Will the Sultan trust himself, as he has never done yet, to a public procession in the heart of the city? Or will he, rejecting this splendid opportunity of appealing to the hearts of his people and wiping out the hated past, abandon the duty to the Grand Vizier? Or will it fall (as some of the bolder unofficial reformers suggest) into the hands of the heir to the throne, Rechad, whose long imprisonment and supposed liberal opinions have won him the sympathy, almost the affection, of the people? And the speech from the throne? What policy will it announce, what concessions to the urgent popular demand for drastic reform, what attitude towards the foreign complications which loom so large on the political horizon? Will the Ministry fall?

Anyhow, the Committee of Union and Progress is confident in its power, prepared for any development, conscious of the difficulties which await the Constitution, and under no illusions as to the omnipotence of Parliament. No one knows with accuracy who are its leaders.

But its members are known to be watching over every action of the Government. They have a definite aim. They are absolutely loyal to one another. The great majority of the deputies are distinctly pledged to the Committee's policy. The Sultan has just asked to be their President; receiving the respectful but firm answer that there is no such office. Mysterious, but for the moment all-powerful, tried in the fire of persecution and not found wanting, it is this body which controls the destiny of Young Turkey on the eve of Parliament.

CHAPTER VII

WHAT LIBERTY MEANS

"PAY the toll?" said a woman crossing the Galata Bridge. "Why should I pay the toll? Have we not liberty now?" "Is this what you call liberty?" said an Albanian when the Young Turks condemned him to death for shooting a Christian. Persons "falsely representing themselves to be members of the Committee of Union and Progress," to use the language of the Grand Vizier, persuaded the people that there would now be no more taxes to pay. A small boy threw a stone at a foreigner driving in a motor-car. The foreigner rebuked him, and received the reply, "It is liberty now!" The foreigner gave him a box on the ear. "All right," said the impartial youngster; "you also have liberty." The wildest notions prevailed after the Revolution; the astonishing thing is that order has never been seriously disturbed.

Debtors thought that liberty meant remission of debts; labourers thought it meant a doubling of wages. Disgusted with the rotten and dangerous steamers across the Bosphorus (the property of the Palace), the public boarded them one evening and refused to pay the fares. A Young Turk officer energetically intervened and just prevented a riot. Next day a notice was posted at the pier. "The honourable public is requested to be so good as to pay the fares; three new steamers have been ordered.—(Signed) The Committee." And the honourable public paid, and waited patiently for the new steamers.

Public order was the first necessity. In Macedonia a reassuring impression was produced by the execution of two Turks and an Albanian who had murdered Christians; the impression has been so far maintained, and, though both the Greeks and the Bulgar Macedonians have some unpunished crimes to complain of, they do not allege the kind of outrages which were everyday occurrences under the old *régime*.

The peasants were sick of the endless conflict, and delighted to be left for once alone. A year before there was wholesale emigration; by the end of 1908 thousands had returned.

Then, round the marshes of Lake Yenidje the fishing and basket-making industries were at a standstill; now the people were back at their work. Then the prisons were crowded with political suspects; now they were empty. The fraternisation of the hostile peoples, contrary to the expectation of most observers, did not disappear. It cooled down, of course, as time went on, as election programmes began to be discussed and divergent policies came into view. The various sections of the people have adopted an attitude, not indeed of enmity, but of what might be called mutual watchfulness; and they rightly draw attention to every symptom, however small, of a recrudescence of the old evils. It is a time that requires more than ordinary prudence and statesmanship on the part of the Government. Let us hope that the Young Turks realise the imperative necessity of maintaining the good impression which their first actions produced.

Even in Armenia a missionary could write in October from the Orphanage at Van, "For bloodshed and fear and race hatred are substituted liberty, equality, fraternity. How inconceivably great the contrast! How intimately all these things effect the condition of our work

you can well imagine. . . . The wonderful change . . . is almost as bewildering as it is beneficent."

In Constantinople public order was almost unbroken. I witnessed the first appearance of the new police force, in khaki uniforms with revolvers at their belts. But during most of my stay there was none worth the name; there had not been time to create it. The streets swarmed with people; electioneering excitement ran high; processions of different nationalities surged to and fro; several thousand prisoners had just been released; and there were persons interested in provoking tumult—they were universally regarded as responsible for a great fire which, as I saw from the ruins, was obviously started in at least half a dozen different places simultaneously. Yet nothing ill-omened occurred among this million and a half of cosmopolitan humanity, face to face with a sudden and stirring revolution. On the contrary, the faces in the crowd were happy and contented beyond all previous experience. Ladies, who used to cross the road to avoid the rough manners and sometimes insulting treatment of the soldiers, found them inexplicably changed—become, as if by magic, courteous and

obliging. It is a thing one would hardly believe were it not well attested. The crowd was curiously gentle; furious drivers plunged through it—it melted away on either hand; passing processions wedged it against a wall—it did not push back, but stood, with arms pinioned to sides, panting but amused, till the crush ceased.

Is it not this singular docility of the Turks which has helped, more perhaps than anything else, to make the Revolution peaceable? They bowed to the Sultan's will until it became a burden too heavy to be borne. Now they bow to the Committee's. Even the deputies who have gathered together from the remotest provinces readily gave in their adhesion to the mysterious Committee, who were for many months the power behind the throne—who carried their whole "ticket," without exception, in the elections for Constantinople.

If there were complaints against the Committee the answer was immediately found in the recollection of the recent past. The Committee, said the people, has destroyed the despotism; the Committee has given us liberty. While we murmured in secret, they took their lives in their hands and acted. You ask what

is the Committee? We do not know. Long live the Committee!

It all came so suddenly that the people could scarcely understand it. Why, men asked, was this not done before? "It was like drawing a tooth," said Fuad Pasha. "We writhed and groaned with the toothache, but we applied no remedies. At last we thought of going to the dentist. A moment, and the offending tooth was gone. And we wondered why we had given ourselves all this unnecessary pain."

The triumph of the revolutionary cause was not stained by the deliberate shedding of blood. The most notorious of the Sultan's favourites, Izzet Pasha and others, fled the country, and the property which they left behind them was confiscated. Others were placed under arrest to await legal trial, but it is probable that most of them will be quietly released. Some, who had enriched themselves at the expense of the State, compounded for their misdeeds by a public restoration of their ill-gotten gains. Only one of the famous wrong-doers, Fehim Pasha, the Sultan's brother-in-law, who, as Mayor of Constantinople, had made himself odious by his extortions and cruelties, and had been removed from his office at last on the vigorous initiative

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برنجی پانوراما

مبرعسکر رضاپاشانك صونلمی

From a rough broadsheet sold in the streets] [*of Constantinople after the Revolution.*

AN OFFICIAL OF THE OLD *RÉGIME.*

The Young Turks are presenting him with a bill for his peculations and misdeeds.

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of the German ambassador, paid the penalty which so many escaped. He was seized in the streets of Brusa by an infuriated mob, and ignominiously lynched.

The orgy of emancipation was prolonged. The public was enjoying itself.

The diplomats discussed the future with gloomy forebodings; the journalists analysed the cross-currents and scanned the international horizon. But deep beneath the surface, in the hearts of the people, the great fact was the coming of liberty. It was too much to expect that they should take it all for granted, take it as read, and proceed to the order of the day. It was there; it must be enjoyed, grasped, celebrated!

At home we deride liberty. We have got it, and we find that we need something more. We forget that this thing is the indispensable foundation on which all our progress has been built. We know from history—from 1640, from 1789, from 1848, nay, from 1905—that men have sacrificed for it all that they held most dear, have shed their blood like water for it; but we read of their enthusiasm without comprehension, almost with surprise. At Constantinople the traveller found himself in the very midst of this strange

enthusiasm; found that it was not a historian's exaggeration; saw it before his eyes as a magnificent fact.

What does liberty mean to the Turks? It means many things; chiefly, the lifting of a great weight of numbing fear. The highest was not free from espionage; the lowest not safe from extortion. Among the educated classes there was hardly a household that had not some suspicious death, some sudden exile, to mourn and to remember. All this was now swept away. Men breathed freely. For the first time for thirty years they could talk, read, meet their friends, associate with foreigners, travel from place to place. "I have never lived till now," said a Young Turk to me.

It was among the Turkish women that the general emancipation produced its most extraordinary effect; but it was short-lived. They threw off their veils; they came out from behind the closely-latticed windows into streets and public places; they went to the theatres and the cafés; they drove side by side with men in open carriages. The more ardent spirits held an open meeting in Constantinople, at which lady speakers demanded that the century-old shackles should be broken asunder. The thing was too

novel to last. After a week or two, remonstrances began. The carriages were stopped, and some of the women roughly handled by the crowd. They felt, instinctively, that they had gone too far; they drew back. The veils reappeared—perhaps not drawn quite so closely as before.

The fine hopes and aspirations were chilled. It was a pathetic collapse; perhaps the only shadow amid all the sunshine. The roots of social habit were too deep to be torn up by a mere political revolution. An impetus has been given to the slow process of emancipation; the Young Turks favour the movement, but look on a rapid advance as dangerous; more than this one cannot say.

The Revolution, if successful, will make possible the growth of many good things which only time can ripen. It will open a way for progress, and all that progress means. The old *régime* looked on thought and discussion as its bitterest enemies. We can hardly conceive the intoxication of the first sense of intellectual freedom. It was a seething ferment of ideas. The company of foreigners was eagerly sought for. Young Turks were spending half the night in learning the English language. A student at

the École Civile, who replied in English to the address of the Balkan Committee, had learnt it since the Revolution! John Stuart Mill and Herbert Spencer are household names in Turkey, though they are known chiefly through French translations. The stir of the Revolution will doubtless produce an outburst of literature. Many books, I am told, are being written; they are not being printed, because there are not enough presses in Constantinople to print them. Walk through the new "Fleet Street" in Stamboul, and you see the reason. But reading goes on apace. For the first month, so a bookseller told me, the increase was small; "it was all hurrahs." By the second the sales were phenomenal; it was impossible to meet the demand for books on law, philosophy, military science, travel, and a score of other subjects. Then the foreign complications came, and no one read anything but newspapers; now the book sales were again advancing rapidly.

If the whole work of the reformers were to be wiped out to-morrow, there would remain the record of six months' liberty, during which men could speak out and develop themselves and rise to their full stature; and the cloud of fear and resentment and mutual hatred was rolled away;

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Photo by A DEMONSTRATION BEFORE THE OFFICE OF THE PRESIDENT OF THE COUNCIL. *l'Aigle.*

From the steps a speech is being delivered on liberty, equality, and fraternity.

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and the wrongs of thirty years came to an end —and all this without the shedding of blood. Can we wonder that the fraternisation went on, that the banners waved, that the gay processions forced their way unceasingly through the narrow streets; that the sight of Christian priests and Moslem *hojas* sitting side by side in carriages was a never-failing delight to the multitude; that the ballot-boxes, draped in bright colours and watched over by little girls in white, were borne to and fro amid cheers and clapping; and that this much-enduring people were by no means inclined to bring to an early close their first festival of liberty?

CHAPTER VIII

PERSONALITIES

THE most obvious fact about the Young Turk leaders is that they are young. It is a significant fact. This is a revolution of young men, more completely than any other revolution has been. Of the twenty or twenty-five with whom I made friends—and these include most of the leading spirits—only three are over forty. One is only twenty. The average would stand at about thirty-two. As their character is an important factor in the future of Young Turkey, and as I had unusual opportunities of becoming acquainted with them, I will venture to describe some of those who most impressed me. Acting in the spirit of the Committee itself, I shall conceal some, at least, of the names.

Here is Ali, a cavalry captain of thirty-five or so; short and dark, full of humour, heartily

enjoying himself; interested chiefly in tactics and military science. "I don't understand politics, philosophy, Socialism, and all that; it is not good for a soldier," he says. Here is Selim, an infantry colonel of the Macedonian garrison, grave and silent, immersed in the work of the new commission on the reform of the police. Both of the above are what we should call "Staff College" men. They wear on the collar a gold badge with sword, rifle, and cannon, signifying their knowledge of the three arms.

The best all-round education, somewhat curiously, is found among the military and naval men; for their course of study, such as it is, has been a complete one, whereas the teaching in the official and professional schools has been scrappy and badly organised, while those who have educated themselves in private have been subjected to the difficulties placed by a despotic and suspicious government in the way of obtaining books or exchanging ideas. The naval men are the best English scholars. There is Mahmoud, with open face, fair complexion, and blue eyes, most naïve of all, the butt of the rest, whose two great subjects are his admiration for English social life and his hatred of

Yildiz and all its works; and Mustafa, somewhat older, who has been a naval attaché in London, quiet and businesslike, a working officer, filled with indignation at a government which allowed its ships to rust for fear of their guns being turned against itself.

Then I recall Djavid, now a deputy for Salonica; a professor of political economy, formerly dismissed from his post for talking too freely to his students, but now reinstated —a small, keen man, at once learned and practical. I recall Hafiz, an engineering expert, who has studied wireless telegraphy in more than one European capital; and Shemshi, the doctor; and Mehemet, the advocate. There are the journalists, too—Osman, bursting with ideas, now wreathed in smiles, now again serious, with the weight of all the world's suffering on his shoulders—and the face of a boy of nineteen; and Suleiman, who has served his time in Ali's regiment, athirst for knowledge, always alert, a Radical of the Radicals, who, though he has never been abroad, is equally at home in Turkish and French, and is rapidly acquiring English in his few leisure moments. He is to be on the staff of the new paper which is to expound the Committee's policy in French,

for all the world to read. There is Tewfik, with minute fair moustache and deferential manners, who is interested in archæology, and has studied law and political science in Paris; and Hafiz, foreign editor of one of the new papers, irrepressibly voluble, reeling off international politics by the yard.

And there are men of independent means and position; Nedjib, for instance, from Asia Minor, with black, grizzled beard, kindly eyes, and gentle manner, alive to all the difficulties, feeling that the hardest of the work is yet to come, but confident in the democratic character of his people and the great intellectual changes of the last thirty years. There is Sabat, a landowner, who has lived quietly in the country for years, deeply interested in agricultural machinery—now suddenly emerging as a man of clear intellect, balanced judgement, and iron determination. What is put into Sabat's hands, say his comrades, is certain to be carried through. He, like Djavid, is a deputy for Salonica. More will be heard of him, if one may prophesy.

I have omitted one whose modesty I cannot spare by an *alias*. Enver Bey has become popular by accident, he says; in any case he has

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ENVER BEY IN SALONICA.

He is crossing a square in front of a Greek restaurant. He is the figure to the right, as you face the picture. He wears the khaki uniform which the Young Turk officers had agreed to adopt for the expected civil war. The picture is a snapshot taken a few days after the Revolution. The flags in the background, and the seller of newspapers, are typical of the new state of affairs. Like the other members of the Committee of Union and Progress, Enver Bey has refused to allow his photograph to be taken for sale, so that the picture possesses exceptional interest.

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slipped into a niche in the Temple of Fame, and, with his rough, simple comrade Niazi, will go down to history as the hero of Young Turkey. He is a cavalry major; handsome, neatly groomed, with black moustache turned up at the ends, and clear complexion. He neither drinks nor smokes. It is not long before you recognise, behind his very courtly and somewhat reserved manners, an essentially statesmanlike mind. In the old days he was specially concerned with the pursuit of the Bulgarian bands. This did not prevent him from retaining a liking for the Bulgars, and after the Revolution he was appointed to negotiate with their leaders. The story of his flight to the hills in July, 1908, his ~~disguises~~, his organisation of the revolt, and his triumphant return to Salonica, is passing rapidly into a popular legend. What is more admirable than his courage and promptness is his scrupulous avoidance of all self-advertisement, and his firmness in refusing the high place to which he might justly have expected to rise. He is going to Berlin as military attaché, and means, while retaining his membership of the Committee, to devote himself to his chosen career as a soldier.

The men of whom I am thinking refuse to speak of their exploits, and it is most difficult even now, to ascertain how the Revolution came about. They take the whole thing as a matter of course. One can hardly realise that, though we call the Revolution a "peaceable" one, hundreds of their comrades, men who strove—perhaps less skilfully—for the same objects, have suffered death; that they themselves schemed and plotted, at the risk of their lives, for years; that they expected, and were fully prepared for, a revolutionary war of six months at least, following the first outbreak.

I must not forget the older members of the Committee. There is Ahmed Riza, now President of the Chamber of Deputies; for twenty-five years an exile in Paris, earning his living by teaching, conducting the *Mechveret*, the organ of the Young Turk propaganda, which was circulated in Turkey through secret channels—a dangerous game, both for him and for his agents. In the long years of banishment he despaired again and again, as he told the Chamber of Deputies, of ever seeing the realisation of his hopes. From the first day of the Parliament, even before his

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AHMED RIZA BEY.

By kind permission of [*the Editor of the "Near East."*

First President of the Chamber of Deputies. For twenty-five years, as an exile in Paris, he laboured for the Young Turk cause.

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election as President, his tall, commanding figure, his keen face, with its neat grey beard, and his businesslike, straightforward manner, dominated the assembly. His position as President does not preclude him from speaking, and he will perhaps be the strongest personality in the House. He is recognised as the Young Turk leader *par excellence*, though the Committee of Union and Progress does not, in theory, admit the pre-eminence of any of its members.

Then there is Talaat Bey, from Adrianople, with his ruddy complexion and black moustache, his sweet smile, and his somewhat deficient French. They chaff him mercilessly for his burly figure, but all love and honour him. He is a man who has worked for the cause during as many years as some have months. His long service has earned him the honour of being the first Vice-President of the Chamber of Deputies. There is Achmet, a man of fifty-five or sixty, who started his career as an advocate, then went into business and finance, and is now a writer of some repute on commercial subjects. He is full of humour and jollity; yet at bottom he is a philosopher, at times turning suddenly grave as he discusses

the hope of some universal religion of benevolence which may unite the world. His demonstrative and affectionate manners show you that he is not a Turk. He belongs to the Dunmehs, a Jewish sect who, centuries ago, believed that the true Messiah had come, and rallied with turbulent enthusiasm to his standard. The reigning Sultan, much disturbed, sent for the alleged Messiah, and asked him if he could work miracles. The reply was, "Yes." "Then," said the Sultan, calling in the executioner, "I order this man to behead you. Can you prevent him?" "Yes," was the reply, and raising both hands on high, the Messiah exclaimed, "There is no god but God, and Mohammed is His prophet." His life was spared on condition that he should persuade his followers to share his conversion. Popular opinion doubts the completeness of this abandonment of Judaism, even among the modern members of the community; but they practise orthodox Mohammedanism.

Apart from the members of the Committee, there are many older men who equally deserve the appellation of Young Turks, though they have not played an active part in bringing about the Revolution. Most of these are men who

were ardent sympathisers with the constitutional movement of 1876. The most distinguished of all is the present Grand Vizier, Kiamil Pasha. Throughout his long life (he is eighty-four years of age) he has never concealed his liberal opinions. Too important and useful to be put out of the way, he was sent to Smyrna as governor, a far less responsible position than his ability and character deserved. He has twice had to take refuge in a British Consulate from the agents of the Palace. When the Committee made its famous demand for the Constitution, the Sultan hoped at first to satisfy the agitators by appointing Said Pasha as Grand Vizier with Kiamil to assist him. This, however, by no means satisfied the Committee, and they continued to press their demand. Kiamil took part in the ministerial council at which the question of granting the Constitution was finally debated and settled. He, together with the Sheikh-ul-Islam, strongly supported the policy of yielding instantaneously to the revolutionary ultimatum. Said Pasha held the office of Grand Vizier only for a few days. It could not be forgotten that he had played a part in the overthrow of the first Constitution. Kiamil, as the man whose record was unstained, was appointed in his

place. Since then he has held his post, though some expected that he might fall from office on the opening of the Parliament. The speech in which he described the measures taken by his Government won from the House a unanimous vote of confidence. There had been some murmuring against him, based on his great age, and the question has been seriously asked whether such a man, even with the best intentions, has sufficient physical and mental energy to carry out the drastic reforms now demanded, and to bear the immense strain of work entailed by a period of transition and crisis such as that through which Turkey is passing. It is said, indeed, that the long hours of work are already telling heavily upon him.

We had the honour of being received by him at the office of the President of the Council, and entertained at dinner at his private house. He is a small man, much bent with age. His eyes are downcast, and his small features, with the short white beard and moustache, wear an expression of sadness and anxiety. He wears the frock-coat buttoned up to the chin, like that of an Anglican clergyman, which is the ordinary dress of all the Sultan's Ministers.

Hilmi Pasha, the Minister of the Interior, is,

from the point of view of the civil administration, the most important member of the Government. He controls the Ministries of Justice and Education, as well as appointing most of the civil officials. He began his official career as governor of the Yemen. At the beginning of 1903 he was appointed by the Sultan as Inspector-General of the three vilayets of Salonica, Monastir, and Uskub—a new office, created in pursuance of the Vienna scheme of reform, which had just been put forward, with the approbation of the Powers, by Austria and Russia. He retained the office until 1908, enjoying, it is said, the exceptional confidence of the Sultan. His first duty was to suppress the Macedonian rising, a magnificent but desperate effort on the part of the Bulgar population, which caused the Turkish Government to regard the Bulgar peasants as its most dangerous enemies, and to try to decimate them by every conceivable means. I had the advantage of a long interview with him in the autumn of 1907, and though his psychology is not easy to fathom, I formed certain conclusions which I think experience has justified. He has a rather narrow, intellectual face, with a slightly grizzled beard, and a very pleasant and courteous manner. His position at that time was an extra-

ordinary one. It was his business to keep Macedonia under the direct government of the Sultan; but in doing so he was confronted with the "civil agents" of Austria and Russia, the international Finance Commission, and the gendarmerie officers of England, France, Italy, Russia, and Austria. By endless delays, by voluminous reports, by playing upon their disagreements, he was to prevent these persons, as far as possible, from accomplishing anything whatsoever. What official skill could do to fulfil this duty, he did. He was callous, but he did not rejoice in the cruelties he was compelled to inflict. If he had been the servant of the great Powers, with a secure position, I believe that he would have served them well. In the beginning of 1908 a new reform scheme was proposed by Sir Edward Grey in conjunction with M. Isvolsky, and it included the appointment of Hilmi Pasha as Governor-General of Macedonia, responsible to the Powers of Europe. It was not to be. Hilmi had to face a second revolution, more formidable than the first. His position, between the Sultan on the one hand and the Young Turks on the other, was harder than ever. He hesitated, then bowed to the inevitable. He acted with vigilance, moderation, and good sense, and by his

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By kind permission of] [*the Editor of the "Near East."*

MANIASSI ZADI REFIK BEY, MINISTER OF JUSTICE.

He is the only member of the Committee of Union and Progress who at present holds a Government portfolio.

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proved ability, combined with his reputation for clean hands in financial matters, has won himself an honourable place, and made a favourable impression on the Chamber of Deputies. There is no reason to think that he will not serve his new masters as capably as the old.

Of the other Ministers I need only mention one, Maniassi Zadi Refik Bey, the present Minister of Justice. He is the only regular member of the Committee of Union and Progress who at present holds a government portfolio. They are very proud of him, and he came in for the lion's share of popular applause at the opening of the Parliament.

The Young Turk movement is represented besides by many men in unofficial positions, who have grown grey in voluntary or enforced retirement, but whose secret devotion to the principles of reform has never faded. Some of them have held offices of more or less importance, but have retired from them years ago, disgusted with the degradation of the whole official world. Even in retirement they were constantly watched and spied upon, and those who might have lived on their private means have been compelled to adopt some nominal employment, generally of a commercial kind,

lest they should be suspected of spending their leisure in forbidden intrigues. Many of them, however, thrown back upon themselves, have devoted their real energies to literature and art, to study and thought. Such men are well equipped to emerge to-day as staunch and trustworthy supporters of the new *régime*.

CHAPTER IX

THE COMMITTEE OF UNION AND PROGRESS

WITH the advent of Parliamentary government, the Committee will take a less prominent place, though it will continue in existence to watch the course of events, and use its influence, both in and out of Parliament, to secure reform. But between the Revolution and the opening of the Parliament—that is, from July 24th to December 17th, 1908—its members played a much more important part. They had placed a Government in power. They now controlled its actions. One or other of them paid frequent visits to each of the Ministers, by whom they were treated with the utmost respect, and who gave them without questioning, and apparently without reluctance, an account of their stewardship. Every Friday, so it is said, they took tea at the house of the Grand Vizier, and gave him their views, if not their instructions,

as to his doings in the coming week. The resources of the Government were at their disposal. They took us for a voyage on the Bosphorus, for instance, in the Admiralty launch. A story is told which is probably apocryphal, but which illustrates their supposed power; and, in a time like this, popular stories are often the best evidence obtainable. A warship was stationed immediately opposite Yildiz Kiosk. The Sultan was indignant, summoned the Minister of Marine to his presence, and ordered him to remove it. "That," was the reply, "is impossible." The Sultan thereupon seized a chandelier and threw it at his head. The Minister then explained that the vessel had been stationed there by the order of the Committee. The Sultan reflected, and tendered his apologies to the outraged official.

The Committee interfered in many matters, great and small. They settled the strikes which broke out in the early days of freedom. They appeased, as I have mentioned before, the public indignation over the Bosphorus steamers. At Smyrna, the mob took it into their heads to enforce the boycott against Austria by knocking Austrian fezzes off the heads of their wearers. The Committee published a placard stigmatising this practice as "inconvenient and unconstitu-

tional." The practice ceased. In such cases the notice was signed simply "The Committee."

The evidence of the wisdom and caution of its members, and of their readiness to efface themselves, is written large in the history of the last six months. They know very well that the people are accustomed to associate wisdom with age, that they reverence the grey beard and the solemn face. They have deliberately kept themselves in the background. Elated by the extraordinary success of the movement which they had devised and conducted, they might very well have aimed at forming a provisional government, a kind of Committee of Public Safety. They might have demanded that one of their own most trusted and most vigorous members should be placed at the head of affairs. They did neither. On the contrary, they have taken every possible step to avoid becoming the object of public favour. The masonic system on which their organisation was originally based has made this self-effacement more natural and more easy. For some months they retained their headquarters at Salonica, where they were originally established, not only because their main strength lay there, but also because any outward show of power in the capital might bring them into

apparent rivalry with the Ministry. In Constantinople they have no office. At the bureau of the *Shura-i-Ummet*, their organ in the press, a secretary receives communications and deals with formal correspondence. They meet and discuss there, or at the Deputies' Club; but the formal meetings are held, as occasion serves, at the house of one or other of the members. A temporary chairman is elected from those present. The decisions are still communicated by word of mouth to the members, as they were in the old days.

The result of these precautions is that no popular demonstrations are made; that the members are not troubled with unnecessary business; and, what is perhaps more important still, they are not exposed to the advances of concession-hunters and others, who might offer to purchase their aid for a corrupt commission. Charges of corruption have been made in one or two quarters. It is certain that the Committee have been exposed to temptation on every hand, and it is of course conceivable that, among so large a number of members, one or two may be found who are prepared to sell their real, or more probably their pretended, influence. On the other side, it may be said that such charges are

certain to be made, whatever the real truth may be; and that they are strenuously denied by good authorities, including high officials in the Ottoman Bank.

The statesmanlike qualities of the Committee may be learnt from their conversation, as well as from their acts. They seem to be fully alive to all the difficulties which confront them. They admit that many of the men in office to-day are far from being ideal instruments of administration; but they point out that, in the nature of things, no one can as yet be found with administrative experience except in the ranks of those who have served under the late Government. Their policy, they say, is to see that those only are chosen who have shown ability and not yielded to direct corruption. For the future, the only hope lies in the education and training of an entirely new set of officials, and steps have already been taken at their instance to reorganise the official schools.

They know, again, that the mass of the people, though they acclaim the new *régime* to-day, are not educated in the principles of free government. The work of propaganda, formerly carried on in secret and in face of overwhelming danger, will be continued publicly. The Committee, in fact, expects to become largely an educational body,

organising classes in all the cities of the Empire. In Salonica, night-schools on a large scale have been started already, and several hundred students are attending weekly for instruction in composition, foreign languages and the like, and for popular lectures on political justice and liberty, and the history of constitutional states. A coating to the pill is provided in the shape of an occasional picnic, or a visit to the play. The problem of women's education, too, is being eagerly discussed, though it would be permature to say that any proposals have yet been put forward for dealing with this thorny subject.

The people, of course, are full of illusions. They are ready to attribute miraculous power to the Parliament. Not long ago they were making demonstrations with banners and speeches before the British Embassy, on a rumour that Austria was sending war-ships to land her boycotted goods by force, and that England was sending more war-ships to stop them. But both in home and foreign politics the Committee is alive to facts. Its members are not living in a dream. They do not expect the impossible. They have studied the position and strength of the great Powers. An instance of this is their attitude on the question of an alliance of the Balkan States.

They mean to work towards this; but during the controversy with Austria they were unwilling even to talk about it, since Austria would be too plainly marked out as the Power against which the point of such a combination would be directed.

It must be something more than statesmanship, however, which has enabled this group of men to overthrow a powerful government without bloodshed, and to conduct the transition to constitutionalism without disorder. Perhaps the main secret of their success has been their self-effacement, their deliberate determination from the first to subordinate their private gain or ambition to the common cause. The part played by this characteristic in bringing about the Revolution I have already described. Since then it has appeared chiefly in the form of a modesty, perhaps not often equalled in the history of revolutions. I have referred to the fact that they have no recognised office. In smaller matters, too, they have abstained from self-advertisement. They have avoided being photographed, as far as they could, and no accounts of their individual performances have appeared in the papers. The first excitement has waned, and yet the spirit of conceit has not yet begun to show itself. No

one has claimed any superiority over the rest. There are no leaders. The chief difficulty in ascertaining the history of recent events is that none of the Committee will relate the achievements, either of himself or of any other member. In the course of our acquaintance I must admit that I tried, very persistently, to elicit some information of this kind; but though I often put a question in an unguarded moment, I was never allowed to receive the impression that any one of the authors of the Revolution deserved greater credit than the rest. "Yes, he did very well; he did quite as much as the others." "Yes, the work in Macedonia was very slow and arduous; but those who were working in Asia Minor ran greater dangers than we." Such were the typical answers.

I shall not soon forget the simplicity and earnestness with which Enver Bey gave me his ideas on this point. We were standing on the deck of the launch on which he and some of his companions had taken us up the Bosphorus. We were just returning to the landing-stage of Top-Hané. It was getting dark, but a lurid glow of sunset was still in the sky, and the turreted mosques stood out above the sea of darkened houses like battleships in a storm.

"We had studied other revolutions," he said. "We saw that, time after time, they had been wrecked by men who strove to put themselves at the head of their fellows, saying that a leader was the one thing needed. I myself had studied very closely the Internal Organisation of the Macedonian Bulgars. I admired it, and it gave us many hints. But I saw that its worst enemies were its rival leaders. We asked ourselves, Why have any leaders at all? Working together—that is our idea. We considered that essential. It was the way we succeeded."

It is indeed this perfect co-operation which has given the Committee its immense collective power. It bound together a great number of men —perhaps 30,000—by the force of one common determination. Though it is almost too much to hope of human nature that this spirit will continue unimpaired after the stress of persecution has been removed, and the excitement of the time has waned, it has not yet disappeared. It constitutes the most hopeful of all signs for the future of Young Turkey. For men who can exhibit such a spirit, few things are impossible. Can they preserve it? In that question is bound up, perhaps, the whole problem of success or failure.

Some will tell you that these people are subtle diplomatists; that they discovered beforehand the things that would create on us, their guests, the most favourable impression; that they laboured to maintain it, and deliberately concealed from us the facts which might militate against it. If this is so, they are certainly the most consummate actors. But I do not believe that a large number of men in frequent and casual intercourse, now together and now alone, could succeed in a deception so complete. That, in a general way, they wanted to produce a favourable impression, and that they laid greater stress on the facts which contributed towards it, is doubtless true, and is, indeed, natural and inevitable. But I could quote instances in which they expressed views with which they knew we were not in agreement. Further, we had plenty of opportunities of correcting any false ideas by hearing the opinions both of other Turks and of foreigners; and I am convinced that in what the Committee told us they were, in all essentials, straightforward.

I am well aware of the ease with which, especially in the East, a foreign observer may be misled; I know the charges which have been levelled at the Young Turks, and I am

conscious of the danger of idealising the character of those whose work I admire. Yet, when I have allowed an ample discount under all these heads, and weighed the views of hostile or friendly critics, I cannot resist the impression that what has triumphed in this Revolution has been an extraordinary moral force. I believe that this has been one of those moments which, as history records, do occur in times of revolution, when, under the stress of overwhelming odds, self-seeking and mutual suspicion have been consumed by a flame of patriotism, and men have devoted themselves to their ideal with a pure and unquestioning self-abandonment. That such moments must be transitory is not a proof that they never exist. They raise ordinary men to a strange height; they write their record in material facts, in social habits, in political institutions. The effects of such a moral impulse disappear but slowly; and even when its last visible traces are obliterated, its memory remains.

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[*Kalem.*

FRATERNISATION OF CHRISTIAN PRIEST AND MOSLEM *HOJA.*

From the *Kalem*, where it was entitled "Panneau decoratif pour le Parlement."

[*To face page* 139.

CHAPTER X

YOUNG TURK POLICY

THE Young Turks, be their intentions what they may, cannot shake themselves free from history. Let it be admitted that whether Islam does or does not teach political equality for Moslem and Christian, no Turkish government has ever granted it. The idea of justice in the minds of the Turkish people must inevitably be coloured by this unalterable fact.

Yet the Turks have granted some privileges to the Christians which, from a legal point of view, display an advanced form of toleration. They have allowed them to form their own Churches, largely self-governing in matters of education and of private property, as well as of religion. These advantages, originally granted to avoid a too close contact between Moslem and Christian, contain great possibilities of development. The Christians have suffered in

the past, not so much from legal inequality as from disorder, sometimes permitted and often deliberately fomented, from lawless persecution, and from the abuses of a corrupt fiscal system.

The Young Turk attitude towards the Christians, on the practical questions which at once arise, has been clearly laid down. In the Army they are to serve side by side with Moslems, but not in separate regiments of their own. The official colleges and schools are to be thrown open to them. The question of the primary and secondary schools is one fraught with danger. The wiser heads among the Young Turks do not favour the policy of making Turkish the universal language of instruction. They wish to leave the existing schools alone, but to set up better equipped state schools, where the man who wants the best training for his sons will prefer to send them. "We will make them Ottomans," they say, "by fair competition." As an earnest of better things the order has gone forth that the word *rayah* (originally meaning "cattle"), which has hitherto been applied to Christians, is to be erased from all public documents.

It is the first aim, and in my belief the absolutely genuine desire, of the reform party to

establish order and secure the regular administration of the law. Further, it is beyond question that Western ideas of political justice have sunk deep into the minds of the educated class, since the ill-fated Constitution of 1876. These men have been silenced, but they have studied and reflected, and it is now their turn to act.

The idea of nationalism, indeed, in its full modern development, they have not really grasped. But it is only fair to say that complete autonomy for the different nations of the Empire is a very difficult policy to apply. Some of these nations are inextricably mingled. Others are situated on the frontiers of kindred independent nations. In the first case, autonomy is impossible. In the second—the case of the European provinces—it would spell annexation or war. It is, of course, quite arguable that such might be in the long run the best solution; but it is not compatible with the Young Turk ideal.

The Young Turks claim, and have only succeeded because they claim, to be more patriotic than the Sultan's camarilla, and to offer a better chance of maintaining the strength of the Empire. Thus the statesman of to-day in Turkey has only two alternatives to choose from. Either he must refuse to grant full national autonomy, and try

to reform the Empire on the basis simply of personal security and equality before the law; or, by granting such autonomy, he must risk a reactionary movement, and the restoration of the hated despotism. The danger of the latter course is vividly present to every Turkish reformer's mind. On the other hand, the former course is full of promise. If successful, if even partially successful, it means at least a measure of prosperity and contentment for 20 millions of the human race. Whereas the violent disruption of European Turkey could, at the most, benefit 6 millions, while it would plunge the remaining 14 millions back into the night of cruelty and turmoil.

The Young Turks, however, know from the bitter experience of Macedonia the strength of national sentiment. They know that it must be conciliated. They are under no illusion as to the difficulties; but they are prepared to undertake the task. They distinguish sharply between a Turkish, or racial, patriotism and an "Ottoman" patriotism. Side by side with the cultivation of national sentiment, they hope for the sense of a common interest and common pride among all the peoples of Turkey. As has often been noted to their credit, the Turks

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Photo by] A "MANIFESTATION" IN THE STREETS OF PERA. [*l'Aigle.*

The procession is shown on its way to the British embassy, situated in Pera, to do honour to Great Britain in recognition of the support given to Young Turkey.

in general are singularly free from mere racial prejudice, whatever evil they may have done under the influence of religious fanaticism.

I was accompanying one evening a mixed procession of Turks, Greeks, Armenians, and Jews, engaged in a "manifestation," as they call it, before the British Embassy—flags, speeches, hurrahs, and all the rest of it. As we retired, a half-tipsy Austrian somewhat rudely accosted my Young Turk friend with the question, "Who are these? Turks?" "No." "Who are they, then?" "Ottomans," was the quiet reply.

The general feeling of the Young Turks is, I think, this: "The old despotism has made life unendurable, progress impossible, our nation the laughing-stock of Europe, and the speedy disruption of our Empire almost certain. Liberty of speech and action, government in accordance with public opinion, order in the provinces, are the supreme necessities of the moment. Every sensible man is with us. This is our last chance of putting things right. And we must do it thoroughly. If we are to survive, we must enter into the comity of European nations; and we can only do it by adopting their political principles."

From what has been said in an earlier chapter, it is clear that the Young Turk policy

is not one of vindictiveness. During the critical weeks before the grant of the Constitution, the murder of certain persons was decreed by the Committee. These murders were deliberate executions; and they may have averted bloodshed on a much greater scale. Since the Constitution, however, no one has been put to death for his support of the old *régime*, if we except Fehim, who fell a victim to the rage of the mob, and Ismail Mahir, president of the commission sent to Salonica to suppress the new movement, who was shot by an unknown person in Stamboul.

At the same time, the Young Turks want the world to understand that there will be no toleration towards any one who aims at restoring the old *régime*. They lose no opportunity of speaking plainly to the Sultan himself. Even in the midst of their congratulations to him after the opening of the Parliament, they took care to insert the sentence, "A system of government which permits popular deliberation is a national right in accordance with the teachings of history and the ordinances of the Moslem faith."

The actual work of reform has only just begun. The Young Turks realise the immense obstacles which confront them, and have set to

work on sound lines. They see the need of employing foreign advisers. They are, of course, anxious not to lose control of any department of the administration, and this has given rise to the fear that they will not give a sufficiently free hand to the foreigners whom they employ. No definite complaints, however, have as yet been made on this score. The development of the country through irrigation, one of the most urgent reforms, is being reported on by Sir William Willcocks, in Mesopotamia, and M. Godard, in the Cilician plain. Two English experts are helping to put the Customs in order. An English admiral is to superintend the reorganisation of the Navy. The Army, which is based on German principles, is to be under the eyes of German advisers. It is proposed to apply to the whole Empire the gendarmerie system which the foreign officers attempted to set up in Macedonia, though their efforts were thwarted by the old Government; and to engage some of the English, French, and Italian officers as inspectors. Arrangements are being made to send a large number of students to the various European capitals to study law, engineering, finance, and administration.

The fundamental problem of economic reform is one of finance. M. Laurent, of the French Cour des Comptes, has been engaged to disentangle the accounts of the various departments of state, and to make suggestions. An inflow of foreign capital is recognised as an obvious and indispensable condition of the success of the new *régime*. While the Young Turks believe in a policy of government or municipal control for such public services as telephones or tramways, they see that new "monopolies" will have to be created, and that the hampering restrictions which now impede foreigners engaged in commerce will have to be abolished. They hope, as a result of the change of government, to get rid of the Capitulations under which special privileges are conferred on the subjects of other Powers, and the foreign post-offices, rendered necessary by the inefficiency and espionage of the old *régime*. But they see that evidence of permanent reform must be shown first.

They think they can save money by stopping the corruption which has hitherto defrauded the revenue, and great efforts have already been made to do so; on the other hand, this stoppage will entail higher salaries. Increased expenditure

will be called for, too, on the Army and Navy. It must be remembered that the Young Turk movement is a patriotic one, first and foremost, and that one of its best arguments was the feeble and disorganised condition of the national defences, coupled with the promise of great improvements. For fresh revenue they look to the "monopolies" just mentioned, and an increase of the Customs duties. There are very few rich men in Turkey, so that direct taxation is unproductive and unpopular. It is accepted as an axiom that the mass of the people must pay; there is no "social question," and popular protests are not anticipated.

A word must be added about the foreign policy of the Young Turks. Their watchword is peace. They remember the consequences of war in '77 and '78. They know that war and internal reform cannot go together; that if hostilities broke out, the brightest hopes of Turkish regeneration might be suddenly and irretrievably blighted.

Among foreign Powers, it is the liberal and constitutional countries of the West with which they aim at being connected. England holds the first place in their hearts. The influence of Germany at Constantinople fell to its

lowest point after the Revolution. That it will revive, in part at any rate, is certain; for it rests, not only on diplomacy, but on the solid services which Germany can render. The late Grand Vizier, Ferid Pasha, used to say frankly that he thought the German, who spent little and worked hard, would do greater things for Turkey than the more popular but more easy-going Englishman. To-day, however, the Englishman stands first. England's moral support at a dangerous and critical moment will not soon be forgotten.

"We did not and do not expect too much," said a Turk of independent opinions, not a member of the Committee, who had once served in the diplomatic service. "We were delighted with even a negative help. You did not conspire against our constitutional movement; that was no small matter."

"But our Government used to be the bitter enemy of yours," I replied; "and the influence of the press was entirely anti-English. How can your people feel as they do towards us?"

"Our people are supposed to be stupid," he said, "but I am not so sure. I believe they have a sense for the *nuances* of politics which you do not altogether understand. Will you believe me when I tell you that they never

looked on your country as being a real enemy, in spite of the diplomatic notes and the naval demonstrations? They saw what was going on at some of the other embassies; they saw that their diplomatic friendship did not always keep them from financial transactions in which Turkey was generally the loser. The English embassy was often misled, we thought, but at any rate it was absolutely pure. The people said to themselves, 'It is not an invasion of pickpockets, at any rate.' These things made an impression on them. And when the Revolution came, they thought that the diplomatic friends of former times must now be disappointed, for they had lost their hope of a share in the inheritance, and secretly, if not openly, they must be against Turkey. We know that England is the country where constitutional government began; we know that she is the leader of the liberal Powers of the West, and we want intercourse with her. If she will not send us her battleships, let her send us her ideas."

CHAPTER XI

ABDUL HAMID

FORMERLY it was only the foreign ambassadors, and those specially recommended by them, who were privileged to witness, close at hand, the Selamlik, or weekly "church-going" of the Sultan. Even this, for strangers, required a series of formalities occupying several days. Unofficial persons were not admitted to the Palace at all, but installed in a small temporary pavilion outside the gate. Of late years, the general public were totally excluded. In this hushed atmosphere of imperial secrecy, the gorgeous ceremonial, worthy of a Coronation or a Jubilee, was performed without intermission every Friday of the year. It was not only the troops of the Palace—the modern Janissaries—who took part in it, but from every barrack of the 1st Army Corps, which garrisons Constanti-

nople, detachments poured in from the dawn of day.

Let this be counted to the credit of the Young Turks: they have admitted the public to the Selamlik. A small thing, perhaps, but every little helps to make up the account. There is a big enclosure close to the line of the procession, which is packed with a motley crowd of humble people, among them great numbers of women, whose love for sight-seeing, poor souls, was starved under the old *régime*. The white turbans of many priests—if a *hoja* can be called a priest—are conspicuous, and there is the usual swarm of sweetmeat-sellers. It is as democratic as the Galata Bridge.

The first week after the Constitution (that is the way they describe what is almost a new era in chronology) the photographers were admitted to the court of the mosque, and one of them secured the finest snapshot of His Majesty that has ever been taken. It is all a terrible profanation, of course, from the point of view of the ecstatic tourist—the one who got in, I mean, not the one who was shut out; most were shut out. But I do not think the Sultan can complain. A snapshot is better than a bomb. However, the photographers went too far. The authorities

Photo by] THE SULTAN. [*L'Aigle.*

He is alighting from his carriage at the door of the mosque on the occasion of the weekly "church-going" or Selamlik. The photograph is unique, as it was taken on the first Friday after the grant of the Constitution, and since that day the photographers have been excluded from the court of the mosque. It is the most life-like representation of the Sultan's features and attitude that I have seen.

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kept a watchful eye on them, and at the opening of Parliament I saw one dislodged from the top of a stone pillar at the point of the bayonet.

We drive out from Constantinople along the shore of the Bosphorus, accompanied by our friends of the Committee of Union and Progress. As we approach the Palace—a French villa on a huge scale at the top of a hill—we notice that the pavilion outside the entrance is absent, and without any formalities our hosts, in their plain frock-coats and fezzes, lead us in past a row of splendid officials. Osman, a young cavalry officer, in plain clothes for this occasion, marches jauntily ahead. The last time he entered this gate it was to demand the signature of the Sultan to the grant of the Constitution. The odds on his coming out again alive were about even. If there is just a suspicion of swagger about his step, it is perhaps pardonable. His perpetual smile marks his sense of the humour of the situation. But there is no want of due deference and respect as he conducts us up the stair which leads into the Palace, through a corridor, and into a corner room on the first floor, beneath whose windows the Sultan's carriage will pass.

We have another companion whose presence

is significant. It is Mr. Edwin Pears, the veteran correspondent of the *Daily News*, equally distinguished as the leader of the Consular Bar at Constantinople, and as an author who has thrown new light on the history of the Eastern Empire. Resident here for more than thirty years, he has strictly acted up to his principles as an enemy of the old *régime*. Pressed by the Sultan personally to accept honours and decorations, he has consistently refused them; nor has he even accepted so much of official hospitality as is implied in a visit to the Selamlik. He sees it to-day for the first time.

The road of the procession emerges from the Palace just above us on our left, passes immediately below us, and slopes steeply down to our right to the small mosque—a conventional one, with architecture of the wedding-cake order—about 200 yards away. The troops are moving rapidly to their places. Next the mosque is a long line of cavalry, their sombre grey uniforms contrasting vividly with their white horses and the red pennons waving from their long lances—a stage army, of course, which the modern rifle has made wholly obsolete for war, but magnificent for all that.

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THE MUTINY AMONG THE PALACE GUARDS.

After the Revolution one of the first necessities was to replace the Palace Guards of the Sultan by regiments loyal to the Constitution. Some of the Guards who were being sent away to the provinces resisted the order to leave. They were promptly surrounded and overpowered. The picture shows the ring leaders in the centre of a square formed by loyal troops from the Macedonian garrison, being addressed by Mukhtar Pasha, the commander of the 1st Army Corps, which garrisons Constantinople. They were afterwards led out and shot.

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Nearer to the Palace a company of Arab "chasseurs" are the first to take their places; they wear white turbans with bright green coils wrapped round them, dark blue tunics, and baggy trousers, with long brown leggings. Another picturesque element in the picture is the Sultan's Albanian Guard—big, uncouth-looking men, in uniforms which suggests the familiar dress of the Balkan peasant—white with black edges and stripes, the trousers tailing off into the boots through a network of thongs bound round the ankles.

And here, most notable of all, are the infantry from Macedonia, in plain khaki. They have been brought up, one battalion at a time, to replace the household troops, who, always well paid by the Sultan while their comrades were starving, are suspected of being disloyal to the new Constitution. The transition has been a critical time, and something like a mutiny broke out in the late summer, when a detachment of the pampered guards were ordered to leave for the provinces. They were promptly surrounded by "loyal" troops, three or four were shot, and the smouldering insubordination was quickly extinguished. The whole length of the road, and the approaches on every hand, are soon a

solid mass of soldiery, with a narrow path between the bristling hedges of bayonets.

The procession to the mosque is the affair of a moment. The chief ladies of the Palace, packed in close broughams, thickly veiled, a melancholy spectacle, appear first, and drive slowly down the hill through the avenue of soldiers, the negro eunuchs, in frock-coats, walking beside them with the gait and aspect of mutes at a funeral.

Then the Sultan, in a small open carriage, attended by a group of military and Court magnates on foot, while formal cheers are raised at intervals. Behind, the grooms lead two splendid Arab horses, ready saddled, in case His Majesty should prefer to ride home. His Majesty has never preferred to do so, but the successor of Mahomet and Suleiman, albeit he drives in a victoria, must observe the tradition of more gallant sovereigns. While the service is in progress we converse, over coffee and cigarettes, with distinguished personages, above whom the Montenegrin envoy towers conspicuous in his national dress, a splendid giant with the face of the Hermes of Olympia. The return from the mosque calls us to attention again; the Sultan's carriage is coming up

Photo by] THE SELAMLIK. [*L'Aigle.*

The Sultan is shown driving down the hill from the Palace to the mosque, followed by a group of Court and other officials. Opposite him sits the Grand Vizier, Kiamil Pasha. Behind are the windows of the Palace, at which the Sultan sometimes appears to show himself to the people. Troops, four deep, line the road, and behind them is a motley crowd of sightseers, who would not have been admitted before the Revolution.

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the hill, and the magnates in their stiff Court dress are actually making believe to push it up the hill. The horses, a pair of fine English bays, seem to enter into the joke, and break into a trot, while the magnates pant behind. This is surely the heaviest burden which Court etiquette has ever laid upon the backs of its unfortunate votaries. Their flunkeyism might at least be dignified.

From the room in which we stand, a glass door leads to a small open terrace with a balustrade. Above this terrace, at a man's height from the ground, is a window at which the Sultan sometimes appears to show himself to the assembly. A few minutes after his return, it is thrown open, and he stands before us at a distance of a few feet. The grandeur of his surroundings is set off by an entire absence of personal display.

It is a timid little man, not over five feet in height, who stands there, in his dark soldier's overcoat and plain red fez, the hands crossed on the sword. There is a cheer, and then he beckons to his Master of the Ceremonies—a courteous old gentleman in a frock-coat, who would make an ideal king—and leaning down across the window-sill speaks a few low words

in his ear. We learn that his Majesty desires to receive the members of the Balkan Committee.

It is unexpected and a little startling. This is the man whose rule we have attacked for years, whose crimes have made him the modern rival of the Emperor Commodus and the Borgias of Romagna. But a moment's reflection overcomes the first instinct of disgust. This is the man whom the Young Turks, in the plenitude of their power, have thought fit to retain as the Sovereign of the new constitutional state—that constitutional state to which we have come to do honour, and which, if we salute it at all, we should surely salute openly and formally. We only stipulate, to remove all possible misapprehension, that we shall be accompanied by the four members of the Committee who are with us.

The Master of the Ceremonies leads us through a narrow corridor, a group of English tourists and politicians, including three ladies, perhaps the oddest party of guests which has ever penetrated, under official escort, into the recesses of Yildiz Kiosk. We are ranged in a line along the side of a narrow ante-room. The Master of the Ceremonies retires, and

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THE BALKAN COMMITTEE'S DELEGATES RECEIVED BY THE SULTAN.

The Sultan is shown addressing the delegates. He should be wearing a military overcoat and sword. Behind him is Galib Pasha, the Master of the Ceremonies. On the left of the group is Mr. Noel Buxton, the Chairman of the Balkan Committee; on the right, some of the members of the Committee of Union and Progress. The scene typifies the changed attitude of those who have formerly attacked the Sultan's Government on grounds of humanity. As a result of the Revolution, he has become, for the present at least, the mere figure-head of a constitutional state.

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in a moment reappears through a door on our left, which he holds open for the Sultan to enter. But for his low bows and genuflexions —the Turkish salute symbolises picking up dust from the ground, and placing it on your head — a stranger would have thought him the Sultan, and the little old man in uniform, with his bent head, a barbarian bodyguard. He presents our chairman, who stands on the left of the line, to the little old man, whose Turkish phrases he interprets, with literal precision, into French.

Our chairman duly enlarges on our pleasure at coming here, at the invitation of the Committee of Union and Progress, to pay our respects to the head of a constitutional Government. If the emphasis is a little unkind, the Sultan, at any rate, shows no sign of thinking so, and, like a wise man, makes a virtue of necessity. He also is pleased at our coming, and hopes that Turkey, following the policy of the Committee of Union and Progress, will continue to enjoy the friendship of our country. He shakes hands with each of us in turn; salutes our Turkish companions; congratulates one of them on coming to Stamboul as deputy for Salonica; and withdraws as he came.

We have looked face to face on the man of blood. If we have not looked into his eyes, that is because the eyelids droop with the lassitude of old age (though he is but 64), and the head leans forward from between the high shoulders—weighed down, as some allege, by the shirt of mail which he wears. You would think him a man oppressed with weariness rather than seared with crime. But it is no common face. The big hooked nose, the grey beard dyed brown, the high forehead, narrowed to the point of deformity, and emphasised by the fez set back on the crown of the head, suggest something of the character of this extraordinary man ; without education, consumed with a passion of personal fear which has become an ingrained habit dominating his life, his whole intellectual force concentrated on that one art of intrigue which, gradually developing by experience, and aided by the telegraph and the railway, enthroned him, until yesterday, in the centre of the most triumphantly complete despotism that the world has ever seen.

That vast design is shattered, and it is almost inconceivable that the pieces should ever come together again. What is the place, in the

Turkey of the future, of the little old man, and his Palace, and his weekly visit to church? That his removal has been considered and discussed may be assumed as matter of course. But the decision has been in his favour. Anything that might provoke a popular reaction must be avoided. His person commands veneration, and so long as the *de facto* government remains outside his control, he will, in all probability, be its figure-head. Personally, he is, for the moment, safer than ever; and the complete set of disguises for the purpose of flight, which are said to have been discovered in the Palace after the Revolution, will doubtless remain undisturbed in the keeping of the Master of the Robes.

Can the Sultan, after thirty years of government, shake himself free from his old habits? He is believed by many Turks to be a naturally cruel man, and more than one gruesome tale is told to prove it. Perhaps the most reasonable supposition is that the fear which has grown upon him for so many years, working upon an ignorant mind, has driven him into excesses from which, as a private individual, he would have recoiled in horror. Whatever his tastes in this direction may be, he has now but few

opportunities of indulging them. Some think, however, that he does find opportunities of employing his skill for intrigue, and that he is ready, if the chance arrives, to encourage the reactionary elements, whether at home or abroad, through some sort of secret correspondence. This is an inference from past facts rather than from present evidence; but the policy of retaining him as a constitutional monarch certainly involves and justifies an exceptionally close vigilance.

Now that he occupies that great position, and occupies it by the consent of his subjects, it is sometimes said that a veil ought to be drawn over his history and character, and that nothing should be said which might in any way discredit his person. This is a view which is held by foreigners rather than by Turks. Nothing that I have said in these pages approaches in outspokenness to what is habitually said in Turkey itself. His claim to the Khalifate, it must be remembered, is regarded by most educated Turks as technically invalid, since he fulfils neither of the essential conditions—an elective title, and membership of the Prophet's tribe, the Koreish. When one hears the familiarity with which he is described

in conversation, or referred to in the theatre, one sometimes wonders whether the real spirit of democracy or republicanism is not at least as deeply rooted in the East as in the West.

This familiarity, however, does not by any means always take the form of condemnation. Since the Revolution, and above all since the opening of Parliament, the success with which the Sultan has played his new part has deeply impressed the people. They could hardly believe that he would drive through the streets to open the Parliament; they were more than delighted when he did. Since then, in an interview with the President and Vice-President of the Chamber, he expressed the minutest interest in the arrangements at the Parliament House, and offered to provide, pending the construction of a new and more suitable building, a lift to save the aged senators and deputies the fatigue of walking up the stairs! At a dinner which he gave to the deputies, he so impressed his guests by the ease and (it is whispered) even the jocularity of his conversation, that they ended by kissing his hand, a proceeding for which they were solemnly rebuked by the Press. Is he merely clever, as clever at the new game as

the old? Or has he been surprised, pleased, moved, by the success of the new departure, and the increased comfort and safety which he now experiences? Has there occurred—in the mind of the monarch himself — the strangest revolution of all?

Yildiz Kiosk will not remain altogether as it is. Doubtless the Sultan's fear of dynamos, which he conceives as a species of dynamite, will be indulged so long as he lives, and the engines for the electric light will still be worked all night long, to avoid the necessity of accumulators. But the horses in the vast stables are being sold off; the aides-de-camp are being reduced to one-tenth of their former number; the Palace troops will be replaced by a smaller number of battalions of approved "loyalty"; the dinners will have to be served somehow by considerably less than the four hundred cooks who have hitherto infested the kitchens; and the harem will be severely curtailed in numbers. Finance will have her ugly finger in the pie. The Civil List has been fixed at a moderate figure.

And the Selamlik? The Young Turks talk of it with some contempt. It is undemocratic; it concentrates all the glory on the Palace. It

is degrading for the troops; they are going to give them something better to do than "eyes right—eyes left"; the Army, which the people love, is going to be a real army, not a sham. And, above all, it is a waste of money. No doubt the thing will be done, but it will be done on a more modest scale. It is no question of abolishing an old-established popular show. What good did the people ever get out of these ridiculous marchings and countermarchings, these prescribed and regulated cheers, the putting on and putting off of the full-dress uniform and the medals and the decorations? The net result of the whole affair was a little more drill for the soldiers, a little more display for the generals, some ecstatic "word-pictures" from the pens of a few tourists, and the private glorification of a single old man.

CHAPTER XII

THE SHEIKH-UL-ISLAM

I WILL not commit myself to any of the current descriptions of the Sheikh-ul-Islam and his office. To the mind of the late Canon MacColl, the dignified and courteous old gentleman whom, by the courtesy of a friend, I had the opportunity of visiting at his office, was a veritable bugbear. He was the power behind the throne. No matter how well-intentioned the reigning Sultan might be, here was this "head of Islam," a species of secret Pope, always in the background, keeping him up to the mark, so to speak, by insisting on the strict observance of a law before which all Christians were as cattle. The substance of Canon MacColl's lifelong attack on the Sultan's *régime* was undoubtedly correct; but it may be questioned whether his reading of the Sheikh's position was in accordance with the facts.

There is no good reason to doubt the truth of the account which the Sheikh himself gave us at our interview with such frankness and charm, though many matters which politeness forbade us to investigate further were of course left unexplained.

We were a party of six, including an Armenian gentleman who had known the Sheikh-ul-Islam for many years. We drove up to a building near the Suleimanyeh mosque, a government office both in appearance and in fact. For whatever else the Sheikh is or is not, he is certainly a member of the Government, holding the portfolio of the Minister of Public Worship. He does not change with the rest of the Ministry, but otherwise he occupies the same position, and at the opening of the new Parliament he walked in with his colleagues, his long white robe and splendid yellow turban contrasting strikingly with the Civil Service uniform, gold embroidery and green sashes, of the others.

The usual crowd of attendants ushered us into a stuffy waiting-room, whence after a few minutes we were led into the Sheikh's presence. He stood in the middle of a large square room, empty save for a stove and a few low seats

against the wall, but commanding a fine view of the Golden Horn. About sixty years of age, with grizzled beard and moustache and healthy brown complexion, erect and well-proportioned, dressed in white turban and long mouse-grey mantle lined with brown fur, he welcomed us with a benignity and sweetness of manner, the impression of which deepened throughout the whole of our conversation. He led us to a corner seat and sat down with the right leg crossed under the left, one slipper of saffron-coloured leather resting on the ground. The attitude showed a little of his bright embroidered tunic, and the tight-fitting trousers, of the same material as the mantle.

He spoke in Turkish, though he reads French, and is well acquainted, through that language, with the chief books of English literature. His Armenian friend put our questions, and interpreted his replies. So expressive, however, were his gestures that the interpreter's task was easy. Not that he moved much; but the restrained motions of his hands, the bending forward of the body, the wide and perfectly arched eyebrows, mobile as those of an actor, and above all his eyes, with their full, steady gaze, occasionally almost eclipsed by an in-

tensely humourous smile, suggested half at least of what he was saying.

"The Constitution of to-day," he began, after the first compliments had been exchanged, and while the coffee and cigarettes were being handed round to us—"the Constitution of to-day is a different thing altogether from the Constitution of 1876. That was a sham; its authors did not mean it to last. This is a reality. The people are ready for it; it will remain."

"But is a real constitutional government permitted by the law of Islam?"

"Permitted? It is more than permitted. The law of Islam is more liberal than the Constitution itself."

"Then the influence of the Church will be in its favour?"

"Certainly. Our law, rightly interpreted, is in accordance with the principles of representative government. The wisest men, chosen by the people, are to direct the ruler, and if he rules without their consent he is going beyond his power. I go further, and say that, now that this principle has been embodied in the law of the Constitution, that law itself is included in the law of Islam. It becomes binding upon

those who profess Islam. Especially those who are called to lead, our *ulema*, are bound to help actively in carrying out the Constitution."

I recall, as a commentary on this statement, that the Sheikh, during the weeks following the Revolution, arranged for the most liberal of the *mollahs* to preach in the principal mosques. In one case two old men among the *hojas* (the general name for priests) rose up among the congregation and protested against what they considered the false doctrine. There was a scuffle between them and the hearers; one or two knives were drawn. They were summoned to appear before the ecclesiastical court, and condemned for, as we should say, brawling. The Sheikh's words are bold; it is too much to say that they will be accepted without protest, especially in the remoter provinces. From Mossul on the Tigris, the story comes of an old *mollah* who hears that equality is to be granted to the Christians, and exclaims, "Then this is the end of Islam!" With such ominous signs in our thoughts, we turn to this question of equality, the main practical point at issue. Here, too, the Sheikh is firm and definite.

"The law of Islam enjoins equality—not that the people can regard a Moslem as in every way

the same as a Christian; but political equality, equality before the law, we are bound to grant."

"But does not history show that this equality has been granted but seldom?"

"Yes, there is truth in that. In every religion there is the spirit of fanaticism, and that fanaticism may be used by a bad government, just as it may be prevented by a good one. Yes, certainly you may appeal to history. But"—and the eyelids close up in that gentle but half-satirical smile—"have not we also our appeal to history? I have heard of Christian nations putting their captives to the sword. I think I have read somewhere—have I not?—of the Inquisition in Spain." He listens, still with his slow smile, to the interpreter. Then he becomes grave again. "Yes; I know it well. Every religion has its fanatics. These deeds are not dictated by your religion; they are repugnant, I know, to the pure spirit of Christ. And we, too—may we not say the same of our sad story of fanaticism?"

The Christian interviewers change the subject. We turn to the position of our host in the Moslem world—a delicate topic which one must not pursue too far. We are anxious to

Photo by] **FRATERNITY.** *[L'Aigle.*

A Turkish *mollah* (in the centre) is shown sitting at the voting-table with a Greek priest on his right and an Armenian priest on his left. Behind are two little girls bearing the emblem of the Constitution decorated with flowers; in front is the ballot-box. The wall at the back is the façade of a Greek church.

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know his thoughts about the great heretical section of Islam, the Shiahs of Persia, who have degraded the pure, cold theism of the Sunnis, and introduced something of the union of the human and divine into their reverence for Ali, and their passionate mourning for the death of Hussein. What does he think of the sects of doubtful orthodoxy—the Rufai and the Mevlevi, with their ecstasies of crying and dancing, whom tourists go to see at Constantinople under the name of the "howling" and "dancing" Dervishes; the Bektashi, with their emphasis on the spiritual, and their sympathy with other creeds?

"All these are of us," he replies simply. "True, there are disagreements; but no deep gulf divides us. There is even a sense in which our communion extends more widely still; a sense in which whosoever says 'God is one,' whosoever divides not the essence into separate persons, is a true believer."

"We are all, then, good Moslems?" says our companion; and the Sheikh is silent, neither denying nor affirming, but with the same slow smile upon his broad, dignified face.

Our companion wants to clear up one point before we go. The Shiahs are one with the

rest of Islam; but do they recognise the Sheikh as their head? It is an awkward question; but the Sheikh is equal to it. He is a diplomatist.

"We do not think of such things," he answers slowly and thoughtfully. "You must remember that Islam is a democratic religion. We have no priests, properly so-called. We ascribe no sacerdotal power to the ministers of our Church. We have no hierarchy. I may know more than the poorest believer, but I am not above him in authority. No; I am lord neither of the Shiahs, nor of the Sunnis."

And we rise, baffled by the inscrutable old man, and he shakes us warmly by the hand, professing his long attachment to England, and his hope, his earnest hope, that we may draw together, and that the old tension between us may never return, now that the prospects of liberty in Turkey are so bright, and that we, the friends of long ago, have begun to understand one another once more. He says expressly that he hopes we will make known his views; that we will tell the English public about the real Islam. And so he bids us goodbye.

What is the meaning of it all? Who and

what is this mysterious personage, who speaks to us like a grandfather, who is so friendly and so simple and apparently so genuine, and who speaks such smooth words? Did he speak the same words about the religion of Islam under the old Hamidian *régime*, crying peace when there was no peace? Had he the power to prevent the evil, and did he refrain from using it? Can this be the bugbear of Canon MacColl, masking his priestly ferocity under a garb of gentleness?

One thing is certain, and must be set down to his credit. It is largely due to this man that the Revolution was bloodless. When the Committee's ultimatum reached the Sultan, all the possibilities of the desperate situation were eagerly considered by the Council of Ministers. Things were looking bad for the despotism; yet, if the official interpreter of the Sacred Law could have been prevailed on to accuse the rebels of a breach of that law, all might yet be saved. Against men branded with the charge of impiety it might be easy to raise up a popular reaction; to stir the mob of Stamboul, to appeal to the Arabs of the Hedjaz and the Yemen, to drive the fierce Albanians, in spite of the Committee's tampering, down

from their hill-fortresses upon the plains of Macedonia. I do not believe that, if the Sheikh's momentous decision had gone against the liberal movement, it would have crushed the Revolution. But it would have ushered in the Revolution in a dawn of sanguinary conflict, and left behind it a legacy of hatred and danger. The Sheikh did not hesitate; he did not compromise; he came out boldly with his decision that liberalism and the Constitution were in accordance with the law of Islam; and the Sultan gave way.

This decision is evidence that what his friends say is true, and that he has always been on the side of reform. In private, they say, he has always talked freely both on political and ecclesiastical questions. Publicly, he has kept his counsel. He has not protested officially against the abuses of the government of which, technically, he formed part. And the question arises, Supposing he had the will to do so, had he the power?

This involves the question of his office, or offices. As I have said, he is the Minister of Public Worship, controlling, nominally, the exercise of all forms of religious worship, Christian as well as Moslem; though the institution of

self-governing Christian Chnrches has robbed the former part of his duties of all real importance. Secondly, he is the official interpreter of the Sacred Law, which is, in strict theory, all law. He is a kind of Lord Chancellor. In this capacity it is his business to state the law when called upon to do so; he is a final court of appeal, as he was in the supreme instance, the leading case, of the grant of the Constitution. This power of his is in theory very far-reaching, and extends even to the deposition of the Sultan, if definite proofs are produced that he is of unsound mind, of depraved character, or of unorthodox opinions. But then the Sultan himself appoints the Sheikh-ul-Islam; so that we must accept the existence of two powers not merely coequal, but each superior to the other—an idea at which the imagination of the European lawyer staggers.

But is the Sheikh something more than is comprised in these two offices? Is he an infallible Pope? Is he the "head" of Islam, and if so, in what sense? Can he go beyond the mere interpretation and declaration of the law, and alter, of his own motion, the course of government? Can he bind the consciences

of the faithful all over the Moslem world? These questions I do not profess to answer. The answer may depend largely on the personality of any given holder of the office.

To judge, however, from the way in which people speak of the Sheikh, it does not appear that his person commands any great degree of religious reverence; his share in the humdrum affairs of government administration must, indeed, diminish his pontifical character, if he had any; and he is probably quite honest in his repudiation of religious authority. The impression left upon my mind by our interview was that the Sheikh is essentially a lawyer. His intellectual character, one might say, is what one would expect of a Lord Chancellor who had spent his life in interpreting religious law. He would wait until appeal was made to him; he would not conceive it to be his duty to assert himself or his opinions against opposition. This would be the natural attitude of a man of humble character, who had not lived in the world of hard facts. Alone, a scholar, immersed in the law which he idealised, he would be content to reserve for a private circle of friends his liberal conception of Islam. He would hear of massacres

and oppressions; he would think of them as the aberrations of fanaticism, unavoidable, perhaps, among an uneducated people, dimming indeed, but not obscuring, the perfection of the divine code. Into such a life there breaks the sudden crisis of the Revolution; the "awful moment, to which Heaven has joined great issues." And he decides that he will not be untrue to the slowly formed ideal of a life-time's meditation; and in the heat of conflict he "keeps the law, in calmness made." This is, at least, a possible view of the Sheikh's attitude.

The upshot is that, however important his decision at a particular moment may have been, his *obiter dicta* will not ensure the success of the liberalising movement in Mohammedanism. To estimate its prospects we must look elsewhere.

The *hojas* protesting in the mosque of Constantinople, the old *mollah* fearing that the end of Islam is at hand, do not stand alone. Doubtless they represent a feeling which is widespread. If it finds little expression for the moment, that is only because the popular tendency of the time is all towards reform. Disappointment will come, when the baseless

dreams which must attend the new era of liberty—and some, perhaps, of its genuine promises—are found to be unfulfilled. The people will begin to ask why the good time does not arrive. And then will be the opportunity for the old men to shake their long, white beards and say, "What did we tell you? Your fraternity, your liberty, are vain dreams, inventions of the Western infidel. Islam came by the sword; woe to it if it throws the sword away."

The Turks, perhaps, may without difficulty adopt the milder views if they are wisely led; they are a docile people, and with most of them their religion is hardly fundamental. But the Arabs? What of those rocky deserts out of which the Prophet came, with their burning sands, their clear horizons, their sharply defined and keenly-felt religion, their untameable spirit? They form, indeed, the most incalculable element in the Turkish Empire to-day. It occupies three great provinces and mingles with other races elsewhere. It sends at least forty deputies to Parliament, one of whom I specially recall in his mysterious dignity—his brown face, and black hair and beard, surmounted by a low black head-dress and framed in the folds of the

green and purple *keffiyeh* which fell over his shoulders. There may be surprises in store here, and a great, perhaps an insuperable, force of resistance to the efforts of the liberal Moslems.

These difficulties must not be forgotten, but happily the signs of a new religious spirit are not few. Its chief feature is its insistence on constitutional government and political equality, as compatible with, and even inculcated by, the religion of the Koran. At present it does not much concern itself with any other problem than the relation of Islam to politics. Very little on the subject of free thought in general has yet found its way into print, though in a journal conducted by some of the leading *mollahs* philosophical problems are freely discussed. It is felt, also, even among the most advanced, that the time is not yet ripe for the treatment of particular problems, either of ritual or of ethics. The prohibition of alcohol is a point on which opinions differ, and it is far from being universally observed among the educated classes. There is a tendency towards greater freedom in practice, but public argument is deprecated by both the older and the newer schools. The position of women, theologically and socially, is

little discussed, though all the time minute changes of custom are eating into the old stronghold of exclusion and contempt.

It is well that the liberal movement in religion should concentrate on the political question, which is the supreme problem of the hour. The leaders of the Young Turks, of course, share in this movement to the full, and some of them go beyond it. They all show a great respect for the established religion, and probably observe its ceremonies. At the same time, they discuss with open minds the advantages of a universal religion of benevolence, transcending Islam; some of them are freemasons, and believe that they see in the masonic ideas the germ of a great spiritual revival. The inconsistency (if inconsistency it is) may perhaps be explained by the extreme simplicity of Islam. Its most modern exponents, agreeing with the Sheikh-ul-Islam, represent it as a pure Theism, entirely free from any sacerdotal character. No doubt the populace does not view it in that light; but the educated man may do so if he will. And education, say the Young Turks, is to be spread wider and wider in the days to come; it is to be the foundation of the new Turkey.

There is a section, represented perhaps chiefly among the journalists and students, which might be called distinctly anti-ecclesiastical; but, for the most part, the views of educated Moslems are, I think, those of a distinguished man who was good enough to speak to us at length on his religious opinions. "Islam is an essentially simple religion. Just as Christianity was developed out of Judaism, rejecting the complications of the Mosaic law, so Islam has developed out of Christianity, as a protest against the new complications which were growing up in the Churches of the seventh century. This is the reason why a Christian is hardly ever converted to Judaism, or a Moslem to Christianity. Ours is a religion which thinking men accept."

But the main question, of course, is how far the liberal movement is spreading among the masses of the people. On this there is little evidence to be had. The theological students, drawn from every class, were among the strongest, and, in the eyes of the Government, the most dangerous supporters of the Constitution of 1876. The liberalising influence is still stronger among them to-day. Education has spread very widely during the last thirty years.

Many of the teachers in the elementary schools are men of advanced religious views. Since the Revolution a largely increased number of pupils are applying for entrance to Robert College, an American Protestant institution which has done wonders for the Christians of the Balkan States. There they will share with Christians a simple form of common worship. One may say that the horizon of the future is bright, though marked with clouds which may either gather or dissolve.

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Photo by] THE ELECTIONS. [*Aigle.*

A polling-place in the court of a mosque in Constantinople. The place is surrounded by soldiers. Each voter receives a large blank sheet of paper, writes on it the name of the candidate of his choice, and drops it in the ballot-box. They are voting for an "elector of the second degree." These "electors" subsequently elect the deputies for the city.

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CHAPTER XIII

THE ELECTIONS

CERTAINLY we have one thing to learn from the Turks, and that is how to make elections picturesque. With us the ballot-box is an uninteresting affair, of which the general public takes no particular notice. With them it is a symbol, the sacred ark of democracy. It is draped in the national colours. It is carried about on triumphal cars, guarded by little girls dressed in white. We saw it lying in state in the rooms of the municipal buildings, and were allowed, as a great privilege, to gaze upon it with open mouth and bated breath. On great occasions you may see it perched on the hump of a camel—perhaps the oddest combination of East and West which has ever yet been seen. The life and colour of the whole business puts the drabness of our elections to shame.

According to the Turkish Constitution, an election takes place every four years. The voters must be twenty-five years of age, and must be direct tax-payers. The system is one of indirect election. One "elector of the second degree" is allotted to every five hundred voters; and for this purpose the voters are divided up into groups, each of which has its own polling station and votes for its own "elector." The whole of the "electors" for any given *sanjak* (county) or city subsequently meet together and elect the deputy or deputies. One deputy is allotted to every fifty thousand of the male population. A deputy must be thirty years of age, and must read and write Turkish.

Constantinople, for instance, has a male population of something like half a million, and therefore elects ten deputies. The principal excitement, however, centred round the primary election, in which some 250,000 voters took part, and something like 500 "electors of the second degree" were chosen. The voters on the way to the poll would march in procession through the streets, with banners waving and drums beating. The polling place was generally the court of a mosque, where long tables would be set out in the open air.

Another procession would be formed to escort the ballot-box, decorated with gay ribands and wreaths of flowers, to the municipal building. Sometimes the candidate himself would be escorted by a large crowd, clapping and cheering at regular intervals, but marching sometimes for miles in silence, and taking the whole process with the utmost solemnity. In these processions soldiers and military bands would take part freely. Even the dry text of the electoral law waxes eloquent over some parts of the proceedings. It is solemnly laid down that "a certain number of notables, escorted by a mounted guard," shall ride round the villages to fix the day and indicate the method of the election. In Constantinople the chief of all the processions took place on the day when the primary election was completed. The crowd was dense, but extremely orderly. The *cortège* was preceded by a group of Arab swordsmen, who, at intervals, performed a mock fight, hacking at each other and receiving the blows on tiny round metal shields, the demonstrators, meanwhile, patiently waiting behind. Then came a group of mounted gendarmes, followed by a long array of small open carriages, in which Moslem *mollahs*, Greek and Armenian priests,

and Jewish rabbis sat side by side. Precautions were even taken that there should be no suggestion of superiority or the reverse, the right-hand seat being occupied in turn by the representative of each Church. Next came large groups of Turkish, Greek, and Armenian voters, and then the great show—the ballot-boxes one after another. On one of the cars stood six little girls—two Turkish, two Greek, and two Armenian—holding hands in sign of amity, dressed in white in token of peace, and wearing, oddly enough, the grey woollen caps which were at that time beginning to take the place of the red fezzes, because the red fezzes are made in Austria. Nor did the attractions end here. There was a motor-car, pushed by stalwart men! And last of all came a camel with a ballot-box on his back, bestridden by a small boy in a Greek fustanella, stepping with scornful dignity over the rough and broken pavement. Several detachments of soldiers—horse and foot—gave a military air to the demonstration.

After this, the final election of the deputies was a comparatively quiet process. The "electors" assembled at the buildings of the new post-office; there was a little preliminary

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Photo by] THE ELECTIONS. [*Argic.*

A procession escorting the ballot-box after the primary election (see the *last picture*) to the municipal buildings. The ballot-box is on the carriage in the background.

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discussion among them, but no excitement, in spite of strong differences of opinion. A prayer was offered, expressed in general terms to suit the susceptibilities of non-Moslems, that Providence would bless and prosper the Ottoman people. Though there was no manifestation of popular feeling, intense interest was taken in the elections for the capital, especially since, in consequence of defective municipal arrangements, they were the last to be completed. The whole process was conducted in a perfectly orderly fashion in every part of the Empire—a fresh proof of the docility of the Turkish people under sensible leadership.

The part played by the Committee of Union and Progress in the elections was extremely important. They made estimates of the population in each county or city, and for those in which the non-Moslem element was considerable they put forward candidates representing, and generally approved by, each nationality. It was a rough sort of proportional system. They communicated their intention to the nationalities concerned, and intimated that they would secure the election of those whose names they had put forward, but would resist the candidature of any others. Their electoral

strength and influence being very great, they could, as a rule, ensure the election of their candidates for all the vacancies. In some places, however, especially in the Eastern provinces, they were unable to nominate a complete "ticket," and some candidates, not put forward under their auspices, were elected. These candidates were, as a rule, men of dignity and local importance, without any very definite policy and without any organisation to back them. The Committee tried, as far as possible, to secure that, even if conservatives, they should not be reactionaries.

Serious complaints have been made against the Committee's conduct by some of the Christian nationalities. These were chiefly concerned with abuses of power on the part of the Electoral Commissions. A few words of explanation are required.

The voters' lists are originally compiled by the *imams*, priests, and *mukhtars*—who thus correspond to our "overseers"—for each parish (*nahié*) or ward of a town. But the really important body is the Electoral Commission for the district (*kaza*), whose business it is to verify and correct these lists, and to conduct the election. It does the work, in fact, of

"revising barrister" and "returning officer." It consists of from four to ten members, chosen from the Administrative Council, with power of co-optation, and presided over by the mayor. They sit every day for one or two weeks, hear evidence, and strike out or add names. There are many opportunities of unfair exclusion or inclusion. The would-be voter must satisfy several conditions as to age, foreign nationality, foreign service, payment of taxes, and discharge of legal proceedings, some of which might involve doubtful questions of law or fact.

The complaint is that the Committee of Union and Progress dictated the membership of these Commissions, in which matter they showed unfairness. The Commissions, it is said, "gerrymandered" the electoral districts, grouping together (say) 250 Turkish voters in one place and 750 Bulgarian voters in another, the votes of the second group thus having only the same weight as those of the first. They are accused also of making use of the legal exceptions to exclude voters whom they wished to disfranchise. There was a serious dispute, for instance, over a large number of Greeks, who were alleged to have previously claimed to be Greek subjects for the purpose of avoid-

ing certain taxes. As an average case, the district of Stroumitza may be cited, where the Macedonian Bulgars are said to predominate largely, but where the "electors" were chosen in the following proportion: twelve Turks, five Greeks, one Jew, and only nine Bulgars. Complaints are made in Macedonia that the voters' lists were published in Turkish only; that both Turks and Greeks under the age of twenty-five were admitted in large numbers; and, in some cases, that intimidation by armed Greeks was winked at by the authorities.

It is true, of course, that the results of the elections fall far short of what we should consider fair. When, however, we consider how elections are "worked" by those in power in other countries—in South Italy, for instance—we ought not perhaps to judge the Young Turks too severely for their conduct at a trying and critical moment. It must be remembered that they were in the midst of diplomatic quarrels with Bulgaria and Greece; and also that they came into power as the saviours of the integrity of the Empire. If it had been put about that they were giving undue influence to the Christians, it might have damaged the cause of reform.

It is, indeed, a very serious fact that the

representation of the Christian peoples should be so small. It is far below the number to which they would be entitled on a proportional basis. Without a regular proportional system, however, the nationalities in Turkey, as such, would have obtained hardly any representation at all, if it had not been for the Committee of Union and Progress. In all but a very few divisions the Moslems would have been able to outvote the Christians and return Moslem members for the whole of the vacancies, which might number from one to ten. Looked at in this light, the Committee's "arrangements" seem praiseworthy rather than otherwise. They certainly showed no lack of care and thought. It was found, for instance, impossible to give the Armenians in the interior of Asia Minor the amount of representation which they were considered to deserve. To compensate for this the Committee allotted them seats, which they would not otherwise have obtained, in Smyrna and Adrianople. It may be noted that very few complaints have come from the Armenians. They see in the Constitution their best chance, and, though they know that they have not been treated with complete justice, they have made up their minds not to grumble.

The power of the Committee is alleged by critics to be on the wane. The result of the elections suggests the contrary. They have triumphed in the great majority of divisions. In Constantinople, in spite of gloomy prophecies, they carried their "ticket" without a single exception. Other lists were put forward, notably one by the Greeks and one by the Union Libérale, inspired by Prince Saba-ed-din. In so far as they differed from that of the Committee, these lists were all unsuccessful.

The Committee is believed to command a majority in the Senate as well as in the Chamber. The Senate, according to the Constitution, is nominated by the Sultan, but the Committee's suggestions, amounting to two-thirds of the membership, seem to have been mostly accepted. They are not satisfied, however, with the composition of the Senate, and a project is said to be on foot for an amendment of the Constitution which will make one-third of it elective, and provide that a Bill can only be vetoed by a two-thirds majority.

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THE OPENING OF PARLIAMENT.

A scarlet flag, about 2 ft. square, of which thousands were sold on the day of the opening of the Turkish Parliament, December 17, 1908. The English reader will note its place of manufacture. It bears the date of the Grant of the Constitution.

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CHAPTER XIV

THE OPENING OF PARLIAMENT

A DAY of brilliant sun and cold, crisp air, contrasting delightfully with the weeks of gloomy weather which have preceded it; the whole population in the streets; joy in the most inexpressive faces; bright scarlet banners, with the crescent and star in white, waving from every window, with here and there a green one, to vary the almost universal red. Our road, which the procession will follow later, dips down from Pera, crosses the Old Bridge over the Golden Horn, where every ship is gay with flags, rises to the grand mosque of Suleiman, and then descends slowly towards the Palace of Justice, on the point of the peninsula, where stood the ancient city of Byzantium. There are soldiers, in couples, every twenty yards. On the site of the Forum of Theodosius, now the approach to the War Office, the road is lined by heavy

cavalry on white Hungarian horses, their uniforms a dark grey, with red pennons at the points of their long upright lances. The mind goes back to the processions of old, the pomp of the Emperors of the East, with the long hierarchy of gorgeous officials, and the gold and silver plate, the priceless silken hangings displayed at the windows and balconies; far exceeding the procession of to-day in grandeur, but never equalling it in significance. We cross the Forum of Constantine, marking the spot where he planted his banner before the final victory over Licinius. Just to our right lies the Hippodrome, where Justinian stooped to take a part in the fierce factions of the circus. And as we push our way with difficulty into the great oblong space in front of the Parliament House—the Palace of Justice, where the Parliament met in 1877—we are treading the Augusteum, overlooked to-day, as it was fourteen centuries ago, by the vast but clumsy exterior of St. Sophia.

A moment's parleying among the high dignitaries at the gate, and we slip through, cross the court, ascend a broad stair to the first floor, and are installed in a low gallery at the side of the Chamber, like a big box at a theatre. By good fortune, it has a window, which looks down

upon the open space through which we have just passed. We have time to take in the view.

The side to our right is formed by the lower domes of St. Sophia, to whose edges clusters of women in black or violet seem to be clinging somewhat precariously; there is just a glimpse of the huge central dome, culminating in its gilded crescent. The buildings on the left are hidden from us by the angle of a wall. Right in front, at the farther end where the procession will enter, is a huddle of houses rising up the hill-side, and crowned by the solid Serasker tower, white against a cloudless sky.

The crowd is enormous. From above it seems all red—a sea of fezzes—save for the white turbans of the priests and the white flags borne by the students of the Law School. It sways to and fro excitedly, and the soldiers are pretty free with the butts of their rifles now and then, but it never resists, it is gentle and good-humoured, and not one serious accident is reported. The infantry in dark blue, four ranks deep, keep a wide path open down the middle for the procession—wide but winding, with a want of precision which adds greatly to the artistic effect. A place of honour by the gate is occupied by the khaki-clad "chasseurs" from

the Macedonian garrison, who played a notable part in the Revolution. The bands play the new "Constitution hymn"; they play it again and again, as if the people could never have enough of it. At one point on the right the midday sun catches a group of brass instruments and makes a blinding glare of them.

From the window we watch the deputies arriving one by one. The military members are in uniform, which they will discard after the first sitting. Most are in fez and frock-coat; but here comes a Kurd, striding along in a long cape of black and white fur, and a black cap surrounded by a turban; and yonder the Arab deputy from the Yemen, his graceful *keffiyeh*, shot with green and faint purple, falling down on either side of a dark, black-bearded face, and his long black robe sweeping the ground. The Ministers come separately, in black Civil Service uniform, encrusted with gold, and set off by a broad green sash. The *ulema*, the heads of the Moslem Church, in long, full robes of brilliant green, gold collar, and large white turban; the Sheikh-ul-Islam, all in white save for his turban of deep yellow; the Greek patriarch, in black, with a green collar, looking immensely dignified; the Armenian patriarch;

the Bulgarian exarch; the representative of the Holy See, in flowing purple robe and cap; and, finally, the Diplomatic Corps, in plumed cocked hats and stiff, uncomfortable coats, advancing in order of seniority; these are among the chief of the guests. A special round of applause greets the English ambassador.

Within, the House fills rapidly. It is a square room of no great size, painted white, with curtains and upholstery of white and red—the national colours. The platform or tribune of the President, with the tables of the secretaries below, occupies most of one side. The deputies sit facing it, each with a desk before him; rows of red fezzes, relieved by from thirty to forty white turbans. There are galleries on each of the other three sides. Immediately below the President's tribune sit the senators and the dignitaries of the Church. Separate places were reserved for the Moslem and the Christian ecclesiastics; but the former invite the latter to sit with them, and the little symbol of fraternisation is appreciated. Ahmed Riza, the leader of the Young Turks, is kissed on the forehead by an ancient *mollah*. Several members of the Committee of Union and Progress, including Enver Bey, are accommodated on the floor of the

House. The last of the deputies walk in and take their places. A pause ensues. The *mise-en-scène* is complete.

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The climax came swiftly. A sudden clamour of bugles; the troops, with fixed bayonets, presented arms; the bands struck up (for the first time) the Hamidieh March; we turned towards the open space outside, and round the corner at the far end a squadron of cavalry, holding their white horses at a steady canter, their red pennons fluttering above, swung into the arena. They were through it in a moment, and had barely time to line up on either side of the entrance gate before the Sultan's carriage was passing through them at a fast trot—a light victoria with the hood up, drawn by four bays. Facing him sat his son, Burhan-ed-din, and the Grand Vizier. The speed of the procession, which had covered the four miles from Yildiz Kiosk in half an hour, made a regular order almost impossible, and one got but a fleeting impression of two or three other carriages, encompassed rather than followed by a cloud of horsemen—princes and aides-de-camps, dazzling uniforms, a rapid advance, a sudden halt.

There was a pause while the Sultan and his

suite came up the stair, and then, before we expected it, he was standing there before us, in a little square box to the President's left, lit at the back by electric light. The old man's silhouette was sharply defined; the simple fez, the head bent forward in melancholy lassitude, the short form clad in a thick military overcoat of dark grey, edged with red, with heavy epaulettes. He stood there saluting, and all the assembly stood in silence. Then he handed a roll of paper, the Speech from the Throne, to the Master of the Ceremonies, who carried it down to be read by the First Secretary of the Palace, while the Ministers, including the commanding figure of the Sheikh-ul-Islam, filed in to their places. "In spite of evil counsellors, we resolved to order the election of a new Parliament." There was a hoarse, almost a fierce, murmur of applause. These deputies knew well that the man at whose name, for thirty years, a whole empire trembled, stood there, for all his pomp, their prisoner and their puppet. He stood nervously, now raising a white-gloved hand to adjust his fez, but for the most part leaning forward, with hands clasped on his sword-hilt, shifting at intervals from one foot to the other. The speech ended; and the blare of trumpets

and the dull boom of a hundred cannon announced to the city that the Parliament was opened.

Then the oldest of the *ulema* rose, and, turning towards the Sultan, prayed that God might bless the Sovereign and prosper the new Constitution; while all the assembly, and the Sultan himself, stood with arms outstretched and palms turned upwards. The voice was high and nasal, but full of feeling. The prayer was punctuated by low murmurs of approbation, suggesting oddly a revivalist meeting. And at the end the strange little figure in the box seemed to pull itself together, and quite unexpectedly (for it formed no part of the programme) spoke in a low voice a few quite simple but emphatic words; the left hand holding the sword, the right extended towards the deputies. It gave him "extraordinary" pleasure to see them assembled there; he prayed God for the continuance and success of the Parliament. Again he saluted slowly, and withdrew. It was over.

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What were his thoughts? His eyes, wandering restlessly over the assembly, might have discerned men whom he had sent to exile a quarter of a century ago; men whose nearest

and dearest had "disappeared" at his order. In a far corner he may have noted the little group of young officers at whose daring blow the whole structure of his despotism had tumbled like a house of cards. Did there penetrate into that unlettered brain, behind the high, abnormally narrow forehead, any sense of the strange vicissitudes of his fortune, and the depth of a nation's forgiveness? The drive from Yildiz, which he had so much dreaded, had been a triumph; the people, who would hardly have been blamed if they had torn him from limb to limb, had shouted themselves hoarse, delighted to see him once more in their midst; and here were their chosen representatives, in Parliament assembled; and here was he, the lord of a great empire still; and he was an old man; and the new *régime* seemed at any rate safer and pleasanter than the old. Did those impromptu words of his come with a sudden impulse from the heart?

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In the lobbies they are occupied with other questions than these. Why did the Sultan not renew his oath to observe the Constitution? There is some dissatisfaction over this, and the deputies refuse to take the oath of loyalty indivi-

dually; it is merely read out by the President, and a general assent given by the whole House. The business begins; credentials are presented. The plumes and the sashes, the tinsel and the steel, are trivialities; it is the men in frock-coats who are going to make or mar, within these walls, the destiny of Turkey.

But all interest centres for the moment on the departure of the Sultan and the distinguished guests. The brilliant show melts gradually away, the crowd singling out its favourites for vociferous applause. The magnificent inauguration has had its uses, if it has impressed on the popular mind the greatness of the change, the glory of the new era of liberty. Before the sun goes down the city is already illuminated. As twilight deepens into dark, the swirling surface of the Bosphorus reflects the fairy-lights of a score of palaces; rockets shoot up from every quarter; the ships in the Golden Horn, lit up from stem to stern, flash their searchlights over roofs and domes and towers; little rings of light surround the muezzins' galleries at the summit of the tall minarets; while reckless holiday-makers discharge their revolvers into the air.

But the queerest thing about all this revelry is its short duration. Only those whose deeds are

evil go out at night in Constantinople; and the habit of early sleep is not easily broken. By seven o'clock the lights have begun to wane. By nine the whole population is in bed, and we stumble home in the dark, while the watchman, according to immemorial custom, is tapping with his long staff the deserted pavements.

CHAPTER XV

THE DEPUTIES AT WORK

EXACT information as to the *personnel* of the new Parliament is not easy to obtain. It numbers two hundred and forty. The largest single class is perhaps that of the ecclesiastics, who amount to nearly forty. The Beys, or landlords, must be fairly numerous. There are a considerable number of doctors, lawyers, and ex-officials. Of the leading men of the Committee of Union and Progress seven or eight are deputies, most of them for Salonica, Constantinople, and Adrianople.

The national divisions are of even greater importance. The Turkish, Kurdish, and Albanian deputies are about one hundred and fifty; the members from the Arabic-speaking provinces about fifty. Of the Christian peoples the Greeks stand first, with eighteen deputies; then come the Armenians with twelve, the Bulgarians with

four, the Serbs with two, and the Vlachs with one. There are also three Jews. To take a few special examples from different parts of the Empire, Constantinople has five Turks, two Greeks, two Armenians, and one Jew. Salonica has three Turks, one Greek, one Jew, one Vlach; Monastir has one Turk, one Greek, one Bulgar, one Serb; Erzeroum has three Turks and one Armenian; Smyrna has four Turks, two Greeks, and one Armenian; Aleppo has five Turks.

As regards the general character of the Chamber, what has so far been most conspicuous is its sensitiveness to its own rights. The Reply to the Speech from the Throne was characterised by very plain speaking. Its strong declarations, and the comparative emphasis laid on home and foreign questions, make it interesting enough to quote.

"Abdul Medjid granted the decree Gulhana establishing the principles of liberty. Your Majesty confirmed the same by granting the Constitution, but in spite of the approval of the people the Chamber was dissolved, in violation of the Constitution. Those who deceived Your Majesty into this violation dared to accuse the nation of incapacity.

"Nevertheless, thanks be to God, the nation recognised at the right moment that the ruin of the country was becoming inevitable and submitted to Your Majesty their unanimous wishes. We are thankful that Your Majesty, seeing the extent of the danger and despite your advisers, has convoked the Chamber.

"While expressing our sincere thanks for giving effect to the popular will, thus saving the Empire, we remark that if Your Majesty had not listened to the deceitful insinuations of bad men, we should have seen changes in various parts of the Empire instead of ruins, progress instead of decadence, and there would have been fewer chances of exploiting the Empire for personal profit.

"The proclamation of independence by Bulgaria and the annexation of Bosnia-Herzegovina by Austria-Hungary came while Turkey desired only peace as a sequence to her peaceful Revolution. The Chamber shares Your Majesty's regrets. The policy of the Chamber is one of peace within the Empire and with all nations. We are confident that these questions will soon be satisfactorily settled."

Constitutional purism has gone even further. A member of the Senate was sent in person

to convey greetings to the Chamber on the opening of Parliament. The Chamber considered that this implied some superiority on the part of the Senate, and referred to the Article of the Constitution which lays it down that all communications between the two Houses must be in writing. It refused to receive the envoy.

For the rest, it has shown its sympathy with constitutional movements abroad by passing a strongly worded resolution in favour of the Persian Constitutionalists. In debate it is not long-winded, and has proved ready to follow the leadership of strong and respected personalities. An incident which might have caused violent disagreement, when the election of one of the Damascus deputies was questioned on the ground of his previous misconduct and alleged espionage, was passed over quietly by the sober sense of the House, those who had raised the objection withdrawing it in the interests of peace.

The future conduct of the Chamber of Deputies, its division into parties, and its attitude towards the Government and the Sovereign are matters of conjecture. One or two apparent possibilities may almost certainly be ruled out.

One of these is the possibility that it might contain a definitely reactionary party. There are doubtless a number of deputies who may be described as conservative, but the evidence seems to show that, even in the south-eastern provinces, no one has been elected who is known to be in favour of the old despotism. The danger of reaction in the Parliament itself, if there is such a danger, lies in the secret corruption of the deputies by those interested in overthrowing the new *régime;* and this could only be successful if a strong popular movement were first set on foot. Another supposition which may be rejected is that the Moslems will all range themselves in one camp and the Christians in another. The reason is very simple—that out of two hundred and forty deputies the Christians possess only thirty-seven. Any division which is likely to have an effect upon policy will be based on other than purely religious differences. In the matter of religion the Parliament might be described as being, contrary to most expectations, one of the most homogeneous in the world. The great preponderance of Moslems constitutes, indeed, a danger which must not be left out of calculation. On the other side of the

account should be set the fact that the Christians, though small in number, will speak with authority considerably greater than their numerical proportion would warrant. They represent a powerful and important element outside, and their Parliamentary weakness will probably draw them together.

An interesting question arises as to the future of the Union Libérale, representing the views of Prince Saba-ed-din. This body has not attained much electoral importance, but it represents a policy, or rather a type of opinion, which will probably come to the front. The formula of the Union Libérale is "administrative decentralisation." It considers that the police and the general execution of the laws should be in the hands of the elective local councils, which, in theory, have never been abolished, and are now being revived. The original programme of the Union included the word "autonomy," but this gave rise to alarm, and has been either dropped or explained away. The Union, however, claims to include all races in its membership, and to stand for opposition to Turkish Chauvinism and the cultivation of "Ottoman" patriotism. The demand for local self-government will come, in

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By kind permission of [*the Editor of the "Near East."*

PRINCE SABA-ED-DIN.

The brother-in-law of the Sultan, he has nevertheless lived in voluntary exile, in Paris, for the last ten years. He is the founder of the Union Libérale, which advocates a measure of local self-government, and claims to be more liberal than the Committee of Union and Progress. It may play an important part in Turkish politics.

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one form or another, not only from Greeks, Bulgarians, and Albanians, but from Arabs and Syrians, and possibly from other nationalities as well. The Union Libérale may form the nucleus of a Moslem-Christian combination united by a common political interest.

It is not probable that the Parliament will be divided by any subtle distinctions of theory, such as in the first Russian Duma divided the Octobrists from the Cadets, and the Social Democrats from the Social Revolutionaries. The issues will not be social or economic. The main governmental problem will be that of centralisation; but the divisions thus occasioned will be crossed by other lines of separation based on nationality. The result will be confusing. One of the most mysterious elements, for instance, is that of the Arab deputies. They have a large representation; they stand for perhaps five millions of constituents. Will they find themselves ranged beside the Christians in demanding autonomy—or will they be found attacking them as infidels?

If the Chamber falls, as it may do, into two main groups, one may conjecture that there will be a "Right," consisting of the more conservative, both in politics and religion, who will

favour the retention of some power in the hands of the Sultan and the maintenance, perhaps in a mild form, of Turkish ascendency, and who in foreign politics will be Imperialists, and probably inclined to favour German friendship; and on the other side a "Left," insisting on the letter of the Constitution, concentrating attention on home affairs and the endeavour to introduce the ideas of Western liberalism and the methods of Western efficiency, and inclined to seek the sympathy and support of England.

It may well be, however, that such prophecies, based on European experience, may be falsified, and that the Parliament of Turkey may be a new one not merely in its composition and grouping, but in its nature and central conception. The notion of a Parliament in the minds of the people seems to be that of a council of wise men, such as they conceive to have been consulted by the good Sultans of old, and even by the Prophet himself. A few strong men may lead it, while the rest sit silent; or it may sink into an advisory rather than a controlling body, leaving all power to the executive, and relying for its authority on solemn occasional declarations of opinion.

The Deputies at Work

On two important matters the Parliament was, at the time of writing, unanimous. It has approved the general policy of the Government in power; and it has demanded with one voice the "revision" of the Constitution. What this revision may signify remains to be seen. There is a strong desire to make the Senate more democratic; and a lively fear of Article 113, which retains in the Sultan's hands the right of exile, and confers on the executive the power to proclaim martial law. In the comic paper, the *Kalem*, one of the most admirable by-products of the Revolution, Young Turkey is represented as an infant lying in its cradle, and Article 113 is the sword of destruction, suspended over it by a single thread.

CHAPTER XVI

EUROPE'S WELCOME

IN the preceding chapters I have described the conditions out of which the Revolution arose, its methods of working and its main features. Some idea may be gathered from this description of the internal difficulties which Turkey has had to face. But the Young Turks were not allowed to cope with these difficulties unembarrassed by foreign complications. The Balkan Peninsula had long been recognised as the danger-point of Europe, and any change in the balance of power among the States directly interested was certain to bring trouble. It was to be expected—it was indeed inevitable—that the rulers of Turkey would have a crisis to face abroad as well as at home. It was none the less hard on them to have their attention distracted from home affairs in a time of extraordinary stress.

To understand the relations of Young Turkey with the States of Europe during the revolutionary period, it is necessary to recall the chief events in the international sphere during the months preceding and following the grant of the Constitution. Reference has been made in these pages to the effect of the foreign situation in influencing and accelerating the new movement. Even before the famous 24th of July, that situation was already critical. In Macedonia, which had attracted the special attention of Europe, things had gone from bad to worse ever since the desperate Bulgar rising of 1903. The policy of reform, which Europe attempted to enforce from without, had not improved the lot of the subject peoples; but it had resulted in sending into the country a number of foreign officials, through whom its distracted and miserable condition became better known to the public outside, and more generally recognised as a scandal to the whole of Europe. The general uncertainty as to the future compelled the neighbouring Powers, some of whom cherished territorial ambitions, to insure against the possible developments of the future, some by preparing the way for a military advance, some by establishing a claim, based on the supposed

desire of the inhabitants of certain districts, which they might put forward in the event of a partition. Those who in England, France, and Italy were trying to arouse public opinion in the interest of the subject peoples of Macedonia, were never tired of pointing out that the question involved was not simply one of humanity. They urged again and again upon the diplomatic world that if nothing were done for the good government of European Turkey—guaranteed by the Powers, and especially by England, in the Treaty of Berlin—a disturbance would sooner or later occur which would threaten the peace of all Europe. At the end of 1905, on the initiative of Lord Lansdowne, a joint naval demonstration was made with the object of compelling the Porte to accept a new scheme of reforms. In 1907, when I visited Macedonia, a meeting of the foreign gendarmerie officers was taking place, at which the constant impediments placed in their way by the authorities were being indignantly discussed, and demands were being formulated, to be presented in due course through the embassies at Constantinople.

The first event, however, which seriously alarmed the diplomatic world was the sudden announcement that Austria-Hungary had secured

from the Porte a concession for the survey of a railway through the *sanjak* of Novi-bazar. Small in itself, the event heralded the recrudescence of the eternal Near Eastern question in an acute form. Austria-Hungary had hitherto been associated with Russia as one of the mandatories of Europe in the work of carrying out reform in Macedonia. Protests had frequently been made against this policy, the two Powers concerned being notoriously wanting in reforming zeal. The protests had been answered by the double-edged argument that they were the two great Powers most directly interested. It now appeared that the worst anticipations had been realised, and that Austria-Hungary, while ostensibly pursuing an altruistic end, had in reality been developing a project which would assist her territorial expansion. Her real desires at that time are of less importance for my present purpose than those which were attributed to her by outside opinion. She may have been innocent; but her ambition was supposed to be to reach the Ægean Sea; Germany was supposed to be supporting it; and Austria seemed to have been using her influence as a "reforming" Power to bargain with the Sultan for a material advantage of

immense importance. The proposed line, running south-eastwards, would connect Serajevo in Bosnia with Mitrovitza in Turkey. The line from Mitrovitza to Salonica was already worked by an Austrian company; an Austrian garrison was already stationed, by a curious provision of the Treaty of Berlin, side by side with the Turkish garrison in the *sanjak* of Novi-bazar; the whole route, therefore, besides being direct and convenient, was already partially controlled.

This proposal was immediately countered by another, which received the paternal countenance of Russia and the enthusiastic advocacy of Servia, for a railway which should connect the countries along the Danube with the Adriatic. It was to run south-westwards from Nisch in Servia, through Novi-bazar—where it would cross the Austrian line at right angles—to a port, probably San Giovanni di Medua, on the coast of Montenegro. But the new departure had a more serious and permanent effect in the estrangement of Austria-Hungary from Russia, and a tendency towards a new grouping of the great Powers. Austria was thrown more than ever into the arms of Germany, Russia into those of England. The Anglo-Russian *entente*, originally designed to settle certain frontier

disputes in Asia, was beginning to affect for good or evil the situation in Europe. Of this result the meeting of the King and the Czar at Reval was regarded in the Near East as an obvious symptom. In the autumn of 1907 the possibilities of Anglo-Russian action were being anxiously discussed in Constantinople, Athens, Sofia, and Bukharest, as well as in Vienna. An Anglo-Russian alliance with a strong anti-Turkish policy was the most moderate of the numerous anticipations which found credit in those quarters. It was borne out by the fresh pressure which the two Powers now brought to bear upon the Sultan's Government, with the object both of carrying out the reforms already granted, and of exacting the promise of new ones.

This was the situation which existed at the beginning of July. The public and the newspapers were not discussing the reform of Turkey from within. Nothing was further from their minds than a Turkish Revolution. No one had ever heard of the Committee of Union and Progress. In the chancelleries of the great Powers far-reaching changes were contemplated, in which the will of Turkey herself was the one factor that was totally

eliminated. The small neighbouring States, Greece, Bulgaria, and Servia, for whom the Balkan question is not an element in the game of world-politics but a matter of life and death, were becoming more active and more alarmed than ever. Each had, among the subjects of the Porte, great numbers of blood-relations, whose fate was a matter of constant and pressing interest. A great impetus was given to the endeavour to peg out prospective claims in the doomed territory. The effete Turkish Government, in its turn, saw in this racial strife an admirable means, perhaps indeed the only chance, of maintaining itself in the saddle. The profitable struggle was encouraged the flames of national hatred were fanned, by every conceivable device. The Powers administered solemn reproofs, accompanied by threats, to the offending little States. They, in their turn, continued to assist their kinsmen, multiply their schools, or equip their bands. They had only one idea in common—the idea that Turkey was, in familiar phrase, the Sick Man. The fundamental question was the disposal of his heritage.

The Turkish Revolution, therefore, introduced a wholly new factor into the Balkan situation.

It not only changed the Turkish Government; it cut away the assumption on which all the calculations of Europe had been based. Everything was thrown into the melting-pot; intense excitement prevailed; not content with the real cause for alarm, the neighbouring States were seized by every sort of imaginary terror. The new *régime*, of course, was officially welcomed. England, the chief of the disinterested Powers, at once declared her cordial sympathy by the mouth of Sir Edward Grey. The other Powers followed suit. But the lull was only momentary. The new idea was that Turkey, instead of sinking further into decay, was going to become a strong, perhaps an aggressive State; that she was likely to reassert her nominal sovereignty over the provinces from which her armies had been expelled by the Treaty of Berlin and the subsequent action of the Powers, but to which she still possessed, under international law, certain indefinable claims. This idea explains the various actions which now disturbed the peace of Europe. The storm burst suddenly. Bulgaria seized the section of the Oriental Railway, belonging to Turkey, which passes through Eastern Roumelia. On October 3rd Austria-Hungary announced her annexation of

Bosnia and Herzegovina. The Turks had just drawn attention to the position of Bulgaria as a tributary principality, by not inviting her representative to a diplomatic banquet; she seized the opportunity, and declared her independence. Crete, not to be behindhand, immediately proclaimed her union with the kingdom of Greece.

CHAPTER XVII

WAR-CLOUDS

NONE of these actions was altogether without excuse. Bulgaria had always regarded war with Turkey as a possible necessity; it had sometimes seemed the only chance of a genuine settlement of the Macedonian question. It was for this that, with immense sacrifices, she had built up her Army. The necessity might remain, but the chance might be for ever removed. Her own hope of independence might be destroyed, her very existence threatened. The Turks were believed to be making warlike preparations; the Oriental Railway, which though leased to a company was the property of the Turkish Government, would facilitate an invasion. The non-invitation of M. Gueshoff, on the ground that the sovereign he represented was a vassal of the Sultan, seemed to show that Young

Turkey was going to take a definite stand upon her legal rights. If Bulgaria was to act, she must act at once, and make her position clear from the outset. The declaration of independence had long been in the minds of the people; it was now the result of a sudden resolution. The substantial change effected was slight, though the injury to Turkish prestige was undoubtedly serious.

The same arguments might be used, though with much less force, to excuse the action of Austria. A strong Turkey might reassert its rights over Bosnia. In that province itself the Mohammedan population, joining hands with the Serbs of the Orthodox Church, might create a dangerous rising. It might be best for the peace, both of Austria herself and of Europe generally, to make things clear at once. She, too, might claim that her action, in point of fact, was merely a definite assertion of the *status quo*. She could point to the fact that, in announcing the annexation, she had at the same time given some compensation to Turkey by removing her garrison from Novi-bazar, and, by implication, renouncing any dreams that she might have entertained of expansion towards Salonica. In the minds, however, of indepen-

dent observers, these considerations were outweighed by others more important. Unlike Bulgaria, Austria could not plead a pressing national danger, nor a long-standing and deeply-rooted popular aspiration. Above all, unlike Bulgaria, she was a party to the Treaty of Berlin. The engagement, which she now suddenly tore up, was one into which she herself had solemnly entered, in conjunction with the other great Powers. In the London Convention of 1871 she had herself declared that no such engagement might be broken without the consent of all the signatories. The alteration she had made was avowedly for her own advantage alone, and her disregard of the sanctity of treaties was a far greater danger to European peace than was ever likely to have proceeded from Bosnian rebellion or Young Turk Chauvinism.

The Cretan declaration was thrown into the shade by more exciting events. The majority of the Cretan population might have adopted the same line of argument as the States which they imitated. As a matter of substance, what they did was directed not so much against Turkey as against the four protecting Powers, England, France, Italy and Russia, who for

years past had provided the *de facto* government of the island. The Greek Cabinet awaited the decision of these Powers, and took no step in response to the action taken in Crete.

These events, which followed each other with startling rapidity in the autumn of 1908, created a dangerous crisis which might well have plunged Young Turkey into war. Her statesmen behaved with great moderation. They proposed a Conference of the Powers of Europe. In this proposal England strongly supported them, Sir Edward Grey declaring that his Government could not recognise any infringement whatever of Turkey's rights until it had formed the subject of calm and serious discussion by all the great Powers; that Turkey herself, as the State which had suffered the injury, was the first to be consulted; and that the question of compensation, both for Turkey and for the Slav States which might have suffered from the changed situation, must form the chief part of the programme of the Conference. The new Turkish Government did not express any desire to assert its strictly legal but obviously shadowy claims, either in the provinces concerned or elsewhere. But the

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THE LIFTING OF THE WAR-CLOUDS. [*Kalem.*

This cartoon appeared when the prospects of peace with Austria and Bulgaria were brightening. It was called "the Lamentation of the Carrion-crow."

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injury done to their country's prestige at such a moment was deeply felt. One of the chief assets of the revolutionary movement was its appeal to patriotism; it attacked the old government for endangering the integrity of the Empire; and it was a severe shock to find that, in the first blush of success, they had to submit to losses which, though merely technical and formal, might be used against them by their internal enemies. To be plunged into any sort of foreign difficulties was embarrassing in the extreme. They felt, further, that if a final settlement of all claims in respect of tribute or public debt was now to be made, and they were to be precluded from raising such matters in the future, it was essential that Turkey's demands should be exhaustively considered and fully satisfied. The urgent need of money to finance the necessary reforms at home made the problem an extremely practical one.

The enthusiasm felt for England at this moment was very conspicuous. The "manifestations" in front of the British embassy became quite embarrassing. Its garden would be invaded at frequent intervals by large crowds of excited but intensely serious people,

bearing on tall poles the flags of Turkey, of England, and sometimes of France and Russia as well. Laudatory speeches would be delivered and applauded; at last the door would open and a secretary would appear; he would thank them in French for the honour done to the embassy, and briefly wish them good-night, while the demonstrators would shout with joy, as if the English fleet were already entering the Dardanelles. The enthusiasm was due to the immediate and definite declarations of the English Government. The support which they were giving was believed by instructed Turks to be moral and not material, but its value was recognised. It is indeed highly probable that it averted a war between Turkey on the one hand and Austria or Bulgaria, or both, on the other—a war which would almost certainly have destroyed constitutional Turkey after a life of about ten weeks. If it had not been for England, other Powers would almost certainly have been encouraged to take more definitely hostile action; Russia would not have thrown her weight into the scale in favour of the new *régime;* and it is in the highest degree unlikely that the Austrian dispute would have been settled, as it subsequently was, by a sub-

stantial payment to Turkey. We were more than benevolently neutral; we took a risk which some considered too great, but which the event justified.

Turkey herself was the State most intimately concerned in the questions now raised; for the very existence of the new *régime* was at stake. But she became the centre of complications which involved in a greater or less degree every European Power. The political atmosphere of Europe became charged with electricity, and all eyes were turned for a time on Constantinople.

The period with which this book is concerned became one of constant excitement and of intermittent negotiations. Public attention in Turkey itself was unduly distracted from home affairs, and concentrated on the disputes with Bulgaria and Austria. Abroad, the subject of the proposed Conference was continually discussed, since it involved an international question of universal interest, arising out of the recent breaches of the public law of Europe. It seemed possible, however, at the end of the year, that the Conference might find most of its work finished before it met, through the settlement of the various claims by negotiation between the parties directly concerned.

Turkey's strictly legal claim on Bulgaria amounted to about £22,000,000. It included claims on account of the Oriental Railway; of the tribute for Bulgaria, an obligation imposed by the Treaty of Berlin; of the tribute for Eastern Roumelia, fixed at £240,000 a year; and of a share of the Ottoman Debt, alleged to be represented by permanent works of which the benefit had accrued to Bulgaria. But the strictly legal claim was obviously absurd. The Bulgarian tribute had never been fixed, and though statements and promises by Prince Ferdinand were quoted as evidence of intended payment, not a penny had been paid; of the Eastern Roumelian tribute only half had been paid, and as this had gone into the pockets of the bondholders, Turkey had, unfortunately for her, displayed little interest in the matter; while the value, and even the existence, of the permanent works represented by the Debt was seriously questioned. It was recognised that some balance must be struck, on rough and practical lines, between Turkey's urgent need of money and Bulgaria's ability to pay. The dilatoriness displayed by both sides was calculated to aggravate the quarrel. But there were good hopes of a settlement; there was an absence of bitterness

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Photo by] THE BOYCOTT OF AUSTRIAN GOODS. *[L'Aigle.*

During the controversy with Austria, arising out of the annexation of Bosnia, all Austrian goods were boycotted by the Turkish people. The picture shows the shop of Herr Stein, in Galata, where "pickets" were stationed to warn the public not to enter.

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in the popular feeling towards Bulgaria; and the Turkish Parliament received a warm message, which it welcomed heartily, from the Bulgarian Sobranye.

Unfortunately, the quarrel with Austria could not be narrowed down to a purely financial issue. The feeling against her was bitter. It was not less deep because it was largely sentimental. That a Power which signed the Berlin Treaty, and was entrusted by Europe as one of its mandatories to carry out reform in Macedonia, should seize the moment of Turkey's gravest internal difficulties to strike a heavy blow at her prestige, was regarded as a serious proof of hostility. Popular sentiment took a remarkable shape. It occurred to one of the Young Turk leaders to propose a general boycott of all Austrian goods. The idea was taken up with enthusiasm, and carried out with such completeness that many Austrian traders were ruined. Austrian shops were watched by "pickets," who warned the people against entering them. The Austrian-Lloyd steamers could not land their cargoes; the porters on the quays would not touch them. In the windows of many retail traders, who had pledged themselves to sell nothing Austrian, a large framed placard was displayed bearing the

words, "Avis au public. Diplome de Participation, delivré par le Syndicat de Boycotage contre les marchandises autrichiennes." Sugar, which is largely imported from Austria, rose 60 per cent. in price. It was borne cheerfully.

The most conspicuous sign of the boycott was the substitution of grey woollen caps of various descriptions for the hitherto universal red fez; the fezzes being chiefly manufactured in Austria.

The difficult problem raised by the annexation of Bosnia, so far as it affected Servia, Montenegro, the Slav provinces of Austria, and the Bosnian population itself, need not concern us; but unfortunately it involved Turkey in its meshes. A demand was put forward by the Servian Skupshtina, or Parliament, at the end of the year, that Bosnia should become an autonomous province, guaranteed by Europe, under the suzerainty of the Sultan. It was, perhaps, rather a counterblast to the apparent apathy of the Russian Government, from which much had been expected, than a responsible Parliamentary utterance. But it was in a sense an appeal to Turkey, whose people could hardly forget that they had held sovereignty over Bosnia for centuries; and it was said that a revolutionary committee in Bosnia itself, representing an alliance of the

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THE BOYCOTT. [*Kalem.*

"The Emperor of Austria, anxious to counteract the effects of the boycott, takes to wearing the fez, in order to encourage his subjects to adopt this head-dress, of which large stocks are left on the owners' hands."

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Moslems and the Orthodox Serbs, had put forward as its policy the same demand. Servia assiduously cultivated Turkish friendship; she proposed an agreement for the development of Novi-bazar by mutual free trade; and she illustrated the somewhat artificial character of her nationalist propaganda in Macedonia by suddenly dropping it. A rising in Bosnia might, it was expected, attract great sympathy in Turkey, draw a swarm of volunteers from Albania, and if combined with a war between Servia and Austria, might involve the Turkish Government in the struggle.

Fortunately, after some months of negotiation, Austria-Hungary offered a sum of £T2,500,000 as compensation for the state properties in Bosnia and Herzegovina, and this was wisely accepted by the Turkish Government. The boycott ceased; the most pressing danger was removed; and it was difficult to see why, now that the present dispute was settled, there should be anything else to quarrel over.

PART III

CHAPTER XVIII

THE WISE AND PRUDENT

"YOU are young," said the Man of Business, as he leaned over the table after supper one night in the big restaurant. It was crowded with people, mostly in fezzes, each little group surrounding a small white table; but the floor-space, thickly strewn with sawdust, was wide, and we could talk with as much privacy and ease as if we had been alone. His fat cigar added density to the general fog of cigarette smoke which overhung the tables. "You are young, and I have lived in this place for five-and-twenty years. If any one is to be trusted on difficult questions such as these, I should think it is I."

I have often thought with surprise and thankfulness how ready people are to communicate information. It is so much easier, and obviously

so much more advantageous, to listen than to talk, and when you go about the world you find in every place people only too ready to do the talking and let you do the listening. Hence this chapter of interviews, as to which I will only say, to prevent misconceptions, that none of the persons interviewed are Englishmen.

The Man of Business leaned forward with both arms on the table, his round head, with its short hair, heavy moustache, and rubicund complexion, thrust towards me with an expression of paternal kindliness.

"The whole thing is in confusion," he resumed. There are three different governments going on. There is the nominal Government; then there is the Committee, which pulls the strings behind the scenes; and last, but most important of all, there are the workmen, who since the Revolution have begun to think themselves the lords of creation. Wages have gone up with a bound in all the skilled trades, and you have to give in or else throw up your business."

"But won't things settle down?"

"Not the most important things. There will always be a muddle. The one thing the Turk can never understand is economics. He has all sorts of ideas as to what has got to be done. He

is a warrior first of all, so he wants plenty of soldiers, well paid, and plenty of guns and battleships. He thinks there must also be plenty of officials; plenty of public buildings; streets properly paved; electric lights; policemen; and goodness knows what. But he never asks who is going to produce the money to pay for it all. There is plenty of wealth in this country; but it can only be utilised by giving a fair field to foreigners; and that the Turks won't do. They keep you a year before they decide anything, and then hamper and worry you at every turn. What will be the result? Things will go gaily for a time. All sorts of excellent proposals will be made, reforms begun, and so forth. The people will be taught to expect the Millennium. And then some fine day they will suddenly discover that there is not enough in the Treasury to pay the Army, much less reform the Government. The Millennium is all very well, so long as you can finance it.

"These things are deeply rooted, you know." The Man of Business leaned forward still further, and enforced his explanation with curious gestures of his fists, as if he were trying to turn a very stiff screw. "What the Turks really lack is continuity of ideas. It is one thing to-day and

another thing to-morrow. Look at these Committee fellows. A lot of them have been abroad —knocked about in Paris and Berlin, and so on. They have absorbed foreign ideas, and when they talk to you, you think they are people like yourself. They are wonderful people at taking things in, I grant you that. They are like sponges. In France they absorb liberty. In Germany they absorb efficiency. But look what is happening now. They are all coming back to Turkey, and here they will absorb the same old happy-go-lucky methods that they started with.

"Yes!" he resumed, after a pause; "don't you be in too much of a hurry to repent what you have said in the past about the inability of the Turks to govern. I am sorry for it; I wish well to the new *régime*. They are fine fellows, some of them; but it will all come to nothing. Come back here in five or six years, and you will see very few traces left. I think I know these people."

I could not help thinking of the Man of Business and the "continuity of ideas" when, a few days later, I was talking to my friend the Diplomat in the smoking-carriage of the Orient Express. He was a short but rather stout man, with a neatly-trimmed grey moustache. He wore

spectacles, and almost always looked straight before him, watching the smoke rise from the very long and thin cheroot which he took after each meal. The wicker armchairs, which you can move about so as to command the best view through the windows, are very comfortable, and our talks, if depressing to me, were always pleasant.

"The Turks are essentially conservative, as everybody who knows them has always said. They never change. It is a very obvious thing to say, but it is true; in fact, it is the only certain thing that can be said about them. No Oriental ever really changes."

"What do you make of the members of the Committee?"

"I do not know any of them," he replied; "but they do not form any exception to the rule. They must be extraordinarily capable people, and the way they have turned things upside down, for the moment, has astonished everybody. Certainly, too, they are playing up well, and making a very good show of democratic ideas and constitutional government. One needs to have been a great deal in the East to see through that kind of thing. It is very easy to be deceived at first. At bottom, they are utterly ignorant of

constitutional principles. They don't want to give equality to all races. How could they? Their whole history is against it. It is as impossible for them as it would be for you English to grant real equality to the natives of India, and put them on a level with the whites. You would say, and say with perfect justice, that the real foundation of your rule in India is an idea—the idea of the superiority of the whites. So it is with the Turk—every Turk. The only difference between the Old Turk and the Young Turk is that the latter understands the European situation, and the former does not. They are all equally clever at using smooth words, but it's only the Young Turks who see the urgent necessity of using that particular kind of smooth words which we are thinking of. They see that the only chance for them is to pose before Europe as a people which is capable of reforming its government. It is England who, for the moment, is playing the pro-Turk game. Therefore, the particular attitude towards self-government must be the English attitude. True, General Botha as a Prime Minister is rather a hard nut for them to crack; but they can always turn the conversation to Ireland, and sympathise with you over that."

"You don't see any signs of real fundamental change?"

"No, I cannot say that I do. Indeed, such a thing is impossible. You think too much of politics; there are things much deeper than that. Our work is only on the surface; we only follow the direction of the great currents. Look at the things which really make the Turks what they are. Look at their social life; look at their homes; look at their women. The Turk goes out to his daily occupation; he muddles or dawdles through it; and then he goes home again. I should not have said "social life." There is none. He is not influenced by his fellow-men. He is influenced by his women. And what do you think their influence is? Why, they hold him by a string. He may talk in the café in the middle of the day about liberty and fraternity; but at sunset there comes a pull of the string, and he is back again in a world altogether different—a world that is dominated by the feminine spirit. The Turkish women are not the slaves of custom; they are its willing servants, its votaries, its priestesses. I don't deny that there was a sort of faint vibration, a shiver, as it were, of the liberal movement, among the women. You saw how for a week or two they threw off their veils

and went to the theatre and so on. But what came of it? That is the real point. The mob stopped the carriages and pulled them out; they got frightened; they put on their veils again; the whole thing shrivelled up like a burst balloon. That was the end of the women's rights movement; the end of the men's will come slower, but it will come."

Not long afterwards I was talking to a Turkish gentleman of aristocratic birth and many accomplishments, who had lived for the last ten years in Paris. He did not relieve the depression into which my other friends had thrown me, although many of his arguments were of so opposite a tendency to theirs that I derived some comfort from cancelling them out. His house was palatial, his furniture resplendent with gilt. The tea, in glasses placed in small metal stands with elegant handles, struck me as a peculiarly insipid beverage, but the cigarettes which accompanied it were of the very finest. He was very neat and modern in his dress, and a brilliant and emphatic talker.

"I see that you were entertained by the Committee of Union and Progress the other day," he said. "I think it is important that you should look at them from an outside point of view, as

I do. Mind you, I say nothing against their conduct in the past. They have done great things. It was they who brought about the Revolution. For a long time they enjoyed great popularity, and they deserved it. But to-day they are losing their reputation. They are becoming a tyranny. The people are getting tired of them."

"But surely their position could not well be stronger than it is? They have still got the support of the Army."

"Yes, they worked the Army very cleverly," he admitted, "but things are changing rapidly. They are clever enough; the only question is whether they are not too clever. What the people see is that they are interfering too much with the Government. What is the good of having responsible Ministers if they are not their own masters? Government by constitutional methods is one thing; government by a masonic society is another. But matters are worse than this. You have not yet grasped the inwardness of the situation. Why do you think they have kept the Sultan at the head of affairs, and are even making much of him?"

I confessed that I had no explanation to offer, except the obvious and stupid one that to

supersede the Sultan might have provoked reaction.

"There I am afraid you are wrong," said my friend. "They are keeping the Sultan in his place in order that they may have an excuse for continuing in power themselves. They want it to appear that there is a great danger of reaction; that a counterbalancing force is required. Then they can say to the people, 'We are indispensable, you cannot do without us.'"

"Then you do not believe in this danger of reaction?"

"Certainly not," he replied. "Let me explain the position to you a little more fully. The Committee is apparently a great liberal force, because it takes care to pose as the one powerful enemy of reaction. But, as a matter of fact, the Committee is not liberal. Its members do not understand the ideas of the West."

"Have they not tried, at least, to put them into practice?"

"No more than they could help. The Christian races are an element of vital importance to our country, yet they have hardly put a single Christian into any official position, though many changes have been made. Look again at the result of the elections, which we can to some

extent foresee already. The Christians will certainly not obtain their fair share in the government of the Empire. The Committee is not for genuine equality. It talks about the Ottoman idea; in reality it is pro-Turk."

"What is the remedy?"

"I do not want to oust these young gentlemen, but there is need of a new party. That new party, I believe, already exists, or at any rate the nucleus of it exists, in the Union Libérale. The Union owes its existence, as you know, to the influence of Prince Saba-ed-din. It aims at putting the non-Turk races—the Arabs and the Kurds as much as the Christians—in a position of absolute equality with the Turks, as citizens of the Ottoman Empire. It will not advocate autonomy, but it will give increased powers to the local councils. That is the way in which the aspirations of the various peoples after self-government ought to be realised. I admit that this party has very little power at present, but it will rally to its side the genuine Liberals among the members of the Committee itself, and you will find them in a few years, if not immediately, working by the side of the more moderate Christian deputies."

The Journalist, whom I met often, took a

somewhat different line. We generally talked in the big vestibule at the hotel, where the coming and going of visitors was so constant that it became a sort of background to our conversation, without interrupting it. It was even a sort of stimulus, and I used to watch with some interest the way that my companion, without breaking the tenor of his utterances, would glance round from time to time, and would sometimes receive some suggestion, which I could distinctly trace, even from faces and forms which he did not know. I believe that this habit of looking round to see who was near was really contracted in a long residence at Constantinople under the old *régime*, when spies were everywhere. I remember that on a previous visit the hotel porter used sometimes to complain to us that the spies were so numerous that they incommoded the visitors by blocking up the vestibule.

"I am perfectly certain that these people mean well," was the phrase with which the Journalist generally began. He would often bring it in several times, especially after he had described with vividness and in detail some barrier which he considered as insurmountable; regarding it, I suppose, as a counterpoise, a

certain comfort for himself, at least, in the face of a future which he saw to be dark. "They talk a great deal about justice and equality, and they are perfectly genuine. Yes, and the *hojas* who drive about in carriages with the Greek and Armenian priests are perfectly genuine too in their ideas of fraternisation; and the *mollahs* who offered up prayers at that memorial service over the graves of the Armenians were genuine. And so are the people. They think it is all a grand affair. These ideas do appeal to something in them, whatever they may mean in their minds—or in ours, or any one else's, for the matter of that.

"What do they mean, though?" he resumed. "That's the real question, of course." He pushed himself back in his chair, stooping more than ever, his clean-shaven face, narrow but with rather a heavy jaw, wearing a puzzled expression. "These Committee fellows have got a lot of power. What are they going to do? What do they tell you they are going to do?"

I repeated one or two scraps of recent conversation, in order to set him going again. He took up the thread, speaking thoughtfully, and with a rather far-away look.

"The Patriarchate may not be an ideal insti-

tution, but at any rate it is an old one. For good or evil, whatever the reasons may have been, they have given these rights to the Greek Church, and the rights have been exercised for centuries. I daresay some extra-legal rights may have arisen of late years; never mind; they have been accepted. Now there is talk of curtailing these things. The Greek is to be on the same level with the rest, it seems, and is to become not a Greek, but an Ottoman. The Turks are in for trouble if they take that line. The Greeks are quite ready to be loyal subjects, and to feel a certain respect and attachment for the Government. But to think that all this is going to supersede their notions about nationality is simply a dream. The schools question is awfully dangerous. The first Young Turk programme seemed to threaten to make Turkish the language of instruction in all the primary schools. They have modified that since, but if they act on that sort of idea they will destroy all they have done.

"Why are there only four Macedonian Bulgars in the Parliament?" he asked suddenly, with an indignant flash in his eyes. "And one or two of those are Sandansky's men, who threw themselves into the arms of the Committee at the

start. They would never have been put up by their own fellow-countrymen, and don't represent them. Of course, I know that the Committee could have kept out almost every Christian deputy, if they had chosen. I give them credit for letting in any at all, when they had such power in their hands. But the Macedonian representation is all wrong, according to our notions, however much they may talk about justice. Certainly they began well, as far as order was concerned, by punishing Moslems who had committed crimes against Christians; but there is ominous talk, now, about their being afraid to keep it up. Do they understand what you mean, when you tell them that you and your friends only support them because they are the people of order and good government? Do they understand that this question of the equal punishment of crime is absolutely vital? It's a matter of psychology. If once the popular idea that the Government in Macedonia is just and strong begins to break down, the door is open for all the old intrigues; and if once they get on to the downward slope they will probably never be able to right themselves again.

"Heaven knows, they have difficulties enough before them," he continued, "without adding any

of their own making. The old *mollahs* are uncommonly quiet at the present time. Flags and hurrahs are the order of the day, and nobody who is not a Young Turk cares to speak out. It doesn't follow that there are not plenty who will begin to complain, when the first excitement has worn off. If real liberty is given it will be as easy to express an opinion one way as the other. The time will come before long when they will say to themselves, 'We have had enough of these young intellectuals. What have they done for us, with their equality and their modern notions?' No, the old world, the religious world especially, has not spoken yet.

"Then look at the administration; the finances are still in chaos. Then there are the Asiatic provinces. I believe things are really quieting down in Kurdistan and the Yemen, but you can't get any real news, and disorders may break out again at any moment. And how can the Empire be carried on without honest officials? There isn't a single man with experience in administration who has not been a servant of the old Government—brought up in its atmosphere from the beginning of his career. It's a truism," he added with a smile. "But it's a tremendous fact and it has got to be faced.

"All this is a bad look out for them, but it is a good look out for any man or men who want to smash the new *régime*." He spread out his long fingers, moving them nervously about the arms of his chair. "Who knows what is going on? There are plenty of people interested in reaction. Who was behind that row at Beshiktash? It was supposed to be a protest against the marriage of a Greek with a Turkish widow. But Greeks have married Turks before now. That wasn't enough to provoke a popular tumult in which scores of people plunged their knives into the murdered man's body, and fifty soldiers stood by and did nothing. No. Some one was putting it about that the Constitution meant the overthrow of the old distinctions, and the mingling of the Moslem blood with the Giaour. Who started the fire in Stamboul? It certainly wasn't an accident. It began in half a dozen places at the same time. You saw the murder of Mahir Pasha the other day. You know he was the smartest man in the Secret Service, and all but nipped the Revolution in the bud. Was that murder a mere private revenge, or was he up to his old games again? Suppose disorder could be started afresh, somehow or other, by

playing on the people's disappointment or what not. Supposing we had Article 113 of the Constitution put in force—the state of siege proclaimed; the right of exile revived; the whole Government placed outside the control of the Parliament."

"All this seems rather roundabout," I said.

"Yes," he answered, "it is roundabout. But if things are destined to go a certain way, and you shift them out of it for a moment, they work themselves back again somehow or other. Is Turkey destined either to be governed by a despotism, or else to break up? Was the Sultan right after all? Was his way the only way, bad as it was? Who knows?"

CHAPTER XIX

PROSPECTS

WHAT is it coming to? Is the new government going to be a stable one? I do not profess myself able to answer these questions. I have endeavoured for the most part to state facts, rather than draw conclusions. Yet this problem of the future is the most interesting of all. The Revolution itself, whatever its consequences may be, will be recorded as a unique event in past history; but the question whether the Constitution will last involves the future misery or prosperity of millions.

Every observer, at any rate, is exercising himself over the problem, and the opinions of the best informed witnesses are among the important facts of the present situation. Among men of long residence in Turkey whose views I have had the opportunity of hearing, the

balance inclines distinctly to the favourable side. Out of the seven, whose prophecies I should value most highly, only two are quite definitely pessimistic. Another, while emphasising the need of caution and the danger of being too positive, describes himself as "approaching semi-certainty" that the Young Turks will succeed. I think that in the case of foreign residents in Turkey a favourable opinion should carry somewhat more weight than an unfavourable. A man who has lived for many years in the country and come to the conclusion, as most of such men have done, that any considerable change in the Turkish government was quite impossible, experiences a mental shock at the sudden overthrow of his former beliefs, and tends to justify himself by asserting that, at any rate, the change is merely superficial, that it cannot last, that he cannot be permanently wrong.

Two alternatives, the complete success of the Young Turk *régime*, and its complete collapse owing to internal difficulties or foreign complications, suggest themselves at the first glance. But reflexion shows that there are many other possibilities, and that the field of prophecy is very wide. A Chauvinistic Turk party, while

not restoring the despotism, might so far control the government as to establish an orderly and fairly efficient bureaucracy, which would maintain the political ascendency of the Turks over all the other races of the Empire. Under such conditions the position of the Turks would approximate to that of the Magyars in Hungary. Much suffering would be removed, and economic progress would be possible; but the just aspirations of the subject races would have less chance of realisation than ever.

Or again, it might happen that the Revolution, while successful in Constantinople and in Asia Minor, might fail to set up a just government in the border provinces, both European and Asiatic. The conclusion so generally accepted until recently, that the Turks can manage their own affairs, but not those of other peoples, may prove to be still true. An unwise policy of curtailing the privileges of the Christians or of interfering with the local self-government of the Arabs, might give rise to disorder. Disorder, in its turn, might be made the excuse for restoring the despotism; and we might see the history of the Roman Empire repeated, with the quieter central provinces controlled by the Parliament, and those on the

frontier, in which a stronger and more centralised rule was supposed to be needed, given back to the direct command of the monarch.

Nor must one lose sight of a third possibility, that the new spirit might permeate the Empire to an extent just sufficient to prevent Europe from interfering, but still leave many serious evils unremedied. The officials might be a little more honest, the gendarmerie a little more efficient, the taxes a little more regularly collected; but the courts of justice might remain unreformed, the balance be inclined always in favour of the Moslem, and the utilisation of national rivalries be still cultivated as an art of government. In such circumstances, the friendship of England for Turkey would be attacked in this country by a vigorous section of public opinion. It would become a delicate question for the Foreign Secretary of the day, whether to use England's friendship, or rather the threat of withdrawing it, as a means of persuasion with the Turkish Government, or on the other hand to return frankly to the policy, which prevailed up to 1908, of definite opposition and compulsion.

Any of these things may happen, and the best way of helping the constitutional move-

ment and promoting the true interests of the Turkish Empire is to show that we are alive to all the possibilities, and that whatever support we are enabled to give will be dependent on the real fulfilment of the Young Turk programme. No one is more anxious than the Young Turks themselves that a high standard should be demanded of them; that their friends in Europe, while appreciating their difficulties, should not be contented with the second best.

When these reserves have been made, it is only fair to state fully the grounds for hoping that their best aspirations will be realised. In estimating the future, it is not fair to forget the history of the immediate past. Order has been kept under the most trying circumstances. The fraternisation of the different races, the first ecstasies of which might have been interpreted as a passing madness, has continued—at least, in its main features—and has impressed upon the popular imagination a new and fruitful idea. Fear has been lifted; thought has been stimulated; corruption has been partially checked. And all this has lasted for six months, during most of which time the sky has been overcast by a dangerous and exciting crisis in foreign affairs. The foreign policy, under the guidance of the

Grand Vizier, has been stable, and there is on all hands a recognition of the imperative need of peace.

Next, practically all observers agree that the intentions of the Young Turks, and of the Committee of Union and Progress in particular, are good. Their desire to treat the Christians justly and to unite all races is a genuine one. In the elections, though they fell far short of ideal fairness, they deliberately abstained from using the power which they undoubtedly possessed of excluding almost all Christian deputies.

Some think that they will find financial difficulties too much for them. Certainly these difficulties are immense. For some years they will probably have to face a deficit of some £3,000,000 per annum on a budget of, say, £20,000,000. But their promptness in engaging foreign help, to which reference was made in a previous chapter, proves that they are alive to their real needs. It is unsafe to prophesy, when so many accepted notions about the capacity of the Turks are in process of falsification.

A deeper and harder problem still remains. The intentions of the Young Turks may be faultless, and yet they may be unable to carry

the mass of the people with them. Is there a force of inertia which they cannot move, a solid wall of prejudice which they cannot break down? Some reasons for answering in the affirmative have been suggested in the last chapter. They must be borne in mind; but there is something to be said on the other side.

The first and greatest safeguard for Turkey's future is the prevailing detestation of the odious past. All classes, high and low, whatever their differences of opinion, seem to be united in a common horror at the idea of returning to the old *régime*. The improvement affected by the Revolution has been so deep, it has been felt so definitely in almost every department of life, that a powerful bulwark has already been built up against reaction. There has been no clear evidence of any reactionary movement.

Next, there is, in European Turkey at any rate, a widespread conviction that the old system of government was leading rapidly to the disruption of the Empire. The appeal of the Young Turk movement to patriotism is very strong. If they do not conduct the government on lines which commend themselves to the great Powers, they believe that the European

provinces will be lost. This is felt even by those to whom liberal ideas are distasteful. They see the necessity of adopting them, if only to escape the greater evil. This, they feel, is the last chance.

Another point on which great stress ought to be laid is that the Young Turks have the support of the Army. It was not in vain that the Committee devoted its first efforts to winning over the officers to the revolutionary cause. It is conceivable that some regiments might be won back again to the side of the despotism; but it is quite certain that, when the despotism was in its hour of danger, not a single soldier could be found to fight for it. Unlike the armies of most countries, the Turkish Army is a liberal element in politics. The officers are proud of their general education, and the inefficiency of the former Government has wounded their professional pride. Any one who wished to create a reactionary movement would have to reckon with the fact that the ablest officers would take the field against it.

Behind all this lies a subject on which volumes might be written—the influence of Western ideas upon Turkey, and the changes which recent years have seen in popular feeling. It is part

of the problem—perhaps the greatest political problem of our time—whether the East can awake; whether the mysterious movement which has placed Japan among the foremost Powers, has stirred China and India and Egypt, has created a demand for progress in Asiatic Russia, and shaken the throne of the Shah in Teheran, is merely a passing gust which troubles the surface, or is the symptom of a mighty current destined to change the course of civilisation. In Turkey, during the past thirty years, elementary education has made a great advance, and the schools which we visited in the capital would have surprised those who think that Turkey is now what it was in the time of Kinglake. The very sight of the railways and the telegraphs and the steamers—so the Turks themselves say—has had an effect upon the old happy-go-lucky methods of thinking and of doing business. But such generalities make less impression on the mind of the foreigner than the particular examples of a changed attitude which happen to have come under his notice. Veneration for the person of the Sultan is beginning to be tempered by a clearer appreciation of facts; at Salonica, after the Revolution, the soldiers abandoned the universal custom of giving three

volleys of cheers for the Sultan at sunset—the familiar cry of "Padishah chok yasha!" In the social position of women slow but definite changes are taking place. A woman is only allowed to see her relations; but the word "relations" is interpreted more and more widely, and is coming to include first and second and third cousins. A woman must only be spoken to through the veil; but you will be told that the veil is only the "veil of modesty." Toleration appears in unexpected quarters. During the Greek Revolution in the 'twenties of the nineteenth century, there were massacres of unoffending Greeks in Turkey. During the Greco-Turkish War of 1897, on the other hand, eleven Greeks went off from a village on the Sea of Marmora to fight for Greece; on their return home they were not even jeered at by their fellow-villagers.

There are many signs, indeed, that the secular hatred of Moslem and Christian is, on some points and in some places, disappearing. A strong and just Government could help the process. The liberal movement in Mohammedanism is beginning to permeate the common people. Yet there are ominous symptoms which it would be folly to disregard. At times such

as this the beginnings of disorder are dangerous out of all proportion to their actual extent. The old fanatical spirit is certainly not altogether dead, either in Armenia or Macedonia. The Young Turks mean well; and the very reports which tell now and then of cases of political crime show also that the representatives of the new *régime* are working honestly in the interests of order; where crime has gone unpunished it is from the inefficiency of the police administration, a legacy of the old *régime*. The Young Turks can reform it, unless, after casting off the malignant character of the former Government, they retain its fatal slackness. Their friends, who are also the friends of all the sorely tried peoples of Turkey, cannot yet relax their vigilance.

CHAPTER XX

IN THE CRIMEAN CEMETERY

EVERY English tourist in Constantinople visits the Crimean Cemetery. It lies across the Bosphorus at Scutari, on the verge of Asia. Here were established the military hospitals which received the human wreckage of the great war. Here the transports, after crossing the Black Sea, set down the wounded. It was here that Florence Nightingale won a name which is cherished still. It was here that they buried the men, both high and low, who never went home to England. The place is carefully kept. Green grass is a rare thing in Constantinople, but here the sward is watered throughout the burning summer, and refreshes the eyes with its unwonted greenness as it slopes down under shady trees towards the margin of the sea. In the middle a stately obelisk commemorates the great national sacri-

fice; but on every side are scattered the graves of seven thousand British dead—some under polished and inscribed tombstones, some mingled in a common resting-place without a name. The famous battles, Inkerman, the Alma, Balaclava, find their record here upon the tombs of those who survived them only to die. The epitaph, "Died of disease contracted before Sebastopol," is a common one.

I know no sadder place than this. Judged by its tangible results, the Crimean War was a gigantic mistake. One thinks of the enthusiasm of the time; the vague, deeply-rooted terror of the Russian advance; the decision to support Turkey, however bad her government might be, and in spite of the fact that her war with Russia was caused by her refusal to accept terms which England herself had pronounced reasonable. One pictures the high hopes with which war was declared in March, 1854; the enthusiasm with which some welcomed the conflict, as divinely sent to prove the mettle of England after years of ignoble peace; and then the mismanagement of the operations, the breakdown of the commissariat, the reception of the news day by day in London streets, the terrible winter of 1855–6,

the feverish dispatching of necessaries and comforts for the troops, half-frozen in the trenches before Sebastopol; and then, again, the successful "muddling through," the gradual triumph of the sea-power over the land-power; and the Peace, the Congress, the Treaty of Paris, the advantages for which England had striven so sternly that she had refused to make peace at the cost of losing a single one of them. And one recalls the result of it all. The sorry gains for which these seven thousand men laid down their lives were lost, with hardly a single exception, within a quarter of a century. They fought to prevent Russia from maintaining vessels of war in the Black Sea; Russia repudiated the restriction in 1870, and England had to content herself with a European Conference, which had nothing to do but to accept the inevitable. They fought to prevent Wallachia and Moldavia from joining together into a powerful pro-Russian state; the two provinces were formally united within five years, and became the kingdom of Roumania. They fought to set back the Russian frontier in Bessarabia; it was advanced again to the same point in 1878. They fought to prevent Russia from moving southwards towards the Persian Gulf;

by the Treaty of Berlin she acquired three new Asiatic provinces.

It was not merely that they fought in vain; they implanted more deeply than ever into the minds of many Englishmen the idea that England's main defence against the dreaded Empire of the North was to be found in supporting an inhuman despotism at Constantinople. The idea was so powerful that when, in 1875, European Turkey rose in revolt, England could not forget the sacrifices which she had made to maintain the Ottoman Empire, and refused to join the other Powers in bringing force to bear upon the Porte to compel it to execute its promises of reform. The old obsession drowned even the indignation created among English capitalists by the bankruptcy of the Sultan's Government. When Turkey and Russia went to war, English feeling rose high; £6,000,000 were voted for military expenses in a special session of Parliament, and the British fleet was ordered to the Dardanelles to support Turkey. To prevent Russia from making her own terms after the war, Indian troops were ordered to the Mediterranean, and the reserves called out at home. On England's initiative, the Treaty of Berlin was substituted in 1878 for the terms of San

Stefano. Macedonia, which would have formed part of a free Bulgarian state, was put back under the Turkish Government. In return for a definite though, of course, illusory guarantee of internal reform, and the more substantial advantage of occupying Cyprus, we made a separate agreement with the Porte which insured the inviolability of its Asiatic territories. Bulgaria, instead of being united and free, was separated into two provinces, as Roumania had been by the Treaty of Paris. Here we were disappointed, as before. Precisely the same experience was repeated at precisely the same interval of time. The union of Eastern Roumelia with Bulgaria was the last of the historic failures which dogged the steps of the old policy. Lord Salisbury expressed, with as much truth as frankness, the now obvious fact that we had "put our money on the wrong horse."

But the baneful influence of our mistake continued. The tradition of sympathy for the Turkish Government, irrespective of the condition of its subjects, has from time to time retarded and weakened the efforts of English Ministers to secure order and justice in the lands for whose well-being our country had made herself responsible. It reinforced the

nervous dread of humanitarian action which has always been a strong strain in English public opinion, and which at the end of the nineteenth century seemed to have increased rather than diminished.

And the fear sometimes returns—above all among the memories of the Crimean Cemetery—whether the old mistake is going to be repeated. Are we committing ourselves to the support of Turkey from considerations of policy, European or Asiatic, rather than for disinterested reasons? Even though these reasons were the occasion for our change of front, are we going to forget them as time goes on, as the new game of world-politics absorbs our thoughts once more, with Turkey as one of the pawns? Are our eyes in the ends of the earth, turned towards the Moslems of India and Egypt rather than the peoples of Turkey? Has Germany become our bugbear, instead of Russia? Is the story beginning all over again?

It is not my purpose to discuss these questions, still less to assert that no considerations of general policy ought to enter into our relations with Turkey. Such a suggestion would be absurd as well as presumptuous; but some thoughts upon those relations inevitably force

themselves on the mind, and it seems in a high degree desirable, at the present moment, that we should fix our attention on the real and only justification for our changed attitude. It is my hope that this book may contribute to that end. No one can forecast the future with any confidence; but the immediate past is certainly worth understanding and remembering. Here we have made no mistake. We have seen a sudden change in Turkey, unexpected, beneficent, complete; in full accord with the best traditions of our foreign policy, we have declared, promptly and effectively, our sympathy with the Turkish Revolution. The new Government in Turkey, so far as could be judged from its action when this book was written, is the antithesis of the old. The party now in power detests the former rulers as much as we did ourselves. The fact that England was the foremost opponent of the old *régime* is recognised as her strongest claim to the gratitude of the new. Our past enmity is the pledge of our present friendship. The efforts for reform in Macedonia made by Lord Lansdowne and Sir Edward Grey did not, as some expected them to do, make the Turkish people dislike us. On the contrary, the people seem to have

appreciated, by a sort of instinct, that England was not really their foe. In spite of the fact that the meagre news they received had come to them through anti-English channels, they distinguished, according to close observers, between disinterested opponents and interested friends. This power to see beneath the surface of diplomacy has been remarked by onlookers as the sign of a distinct political aptitude.

The Revolution has shown, what was not fully realised before, the strength of the hatred felt by the Turkish race itself for the Government of the Sultan. Not a single man was found ready to fight for it in its hour of need. The notion that the internal troubles of Turkey were caused by the Christians, or even by sympathetic but misguided foreigners, who would not leave those Christians to mind their own business, proves to have been a mistake. There is a general feeling among thinking Turks that England's policy of reform was fundamentally right. It is for this reason that the change in the official sympathies of Turkey—a change which has made England the most popular Power at Constantinople, and has even removed the deep-seated hostility to Russia, so long as Russia supports England's policy—is likely to be a permanent one.

We have acquired through this change a new responsibility. Our influence with the Young Turks is strong. They consider us as a Liberal Power. They believe that their association with us will greatly encourage the constitutional movement in their own country. They are to some extent idealists; they aspire to play a part in the world's progress. This aspiration it is in our power both to encourage and to guide. They value our support; they should understand that it is conditional. They should know that we honour them because, and only because, they honestly mean to establish public order and equality before the law for Christian and Moslem. They should know that we shall try to help them so long as they are working for justice, but no longer; that this friendship of ours is no sentimental revival of an old alliance, no deep political game with ulterior ends in view.

No Englishman need regret our present friendship for Turkey, unless, indeed, he was a genuine friend of the old *régime*, valuing the ancient and the picturesque so highly that he was ready to blind his eyes to human suffering. In that case, if new events have aroused a new sympathy, he must be content to change

his mind and to accept all the consequences, however unpleasant to the æsthetic sense. But it is not for those who have supported Lord Lansdowne or Sir Edward Grey to change their minds. It is circumstances that have changed, not we.

* * * * *

In supporting Young Turkey we may be doing a greater service than we think to the cause of European peace. Supposing that the reform of the Ottoman Empire proves to be real and permanent, the ever-open sore of the Near Eastern question will at last be healed. If we fix our eyes on Europe alone, almost all the hopes of territorial aggrandisement, and almost all the fears of a European war, which have haunted the minds of diplomatists since 1870, have been based on the assumption that Turkey was a decadent empire. Turkey was, in a certain sense, the only thing left in Europe to fight about. It was taken for granted that the Sick Man would die, and the only question to be discussed was the question of who were to be his heirs, and what was to be the compensation for those who failed to obtain a legacy. It may be that this source of irrita-

tion and danger is going to be removed. A reformed and stable Turkey would in certain circumstances make a settlement of the Balkan question possible without a war. Suppose that the Slavs within the Austrian Empire could find satisfaction for their hopes by the creation of an autonomous kingdom resembling Hungary. Suppose next that in course of time the four small States of the Balkans, whose nervousness has so often disturbed Europe, should link themselves together in an informal Balkan Alliance with Turkey as its centre. The old notion of such an alliance was that of a group of small States united by hostility to Turkey. It is possible that Turkey herself might now be included, and the alliance based upon the desire for peace. There are many jealousies to be appeased before it could be formed. But an *entente* between Turkey and Bulgaria would form a nucleus round which it might gather. Such an *entente* would be of immense value for Turkey; there is a distinct similarity of character between the two races; during the period of the Revolution, though their relations were strained by Bulgaria's drastic action, it was noticeable that very little bitterness was felt in Turkey towards her, and all the time

there existed in Sofia a "Committee of Alliance" which aimed at promoting the friendship of the two countries. The conception of a Balkan Alliance is, of course, a very vague one, and the idea is disliked by Austria-Hungary, on the ground that its "point," as diplomatists say, would be directed against her. A similar argument might be directed against any alliance that was ever formed. The natural timidity of small states, in a world which is tending towards large aggregations, is a sufficient justification for their combining together. It would give to the Balkan peoples that sense of security which they so sorely need. It is worth while speculating on possibilities such as these, because they would provide, if realised, a means of escaping from the "Armageddon" which so many have come to think inevitable, and which, in proportion as it is thought inevitable, becomes a real danger.

* * * * *

The promise of this new dawn of liberty is manifold. The Young Turk policy includes the whole Empire in its scope. If it succeeds, the peoples of Turkey both in Europe and Asia will be relieved from an intolerable misery—

from a political persecution whose ramifications of espionage, whose refinements of cruelty, whose crushing weight upon all intellectual effort, we are only now beginning to understand. Order will be restored over a great part of the earth's surface—from Albania to Kurdistan, from the Black Sea to the Indian Ocean. Crime will not go unpunished. The fear of violence and the certainty of extortion will be removed, and as the cloud rises, little by little, the peasant, Christian as well as Moslem, will begin to plough the lands which have lain fallow since the Roman Empire. Some of the Christian subjects of the Porte may dream of more drastic and far-reaching remedies than any reform of Turkish rule. But for others there are no such dreams. For Armenia in particular, this is the only chance.

And if it does not succeed? Even so, the Revolution has achieved something which no disasters can wholly wipe out. If the men who broke up the old despotism, and let in the light and air upon dark places, were to be swept from power to-morrow by some conspiracy of reaction, their work could not be forgotten. It would remain an example to the East and to the West. It would "live, and

act, and serve the future hour." In the never-ending struggle of the human spirit for freedom and self-expression, it stands out as one of the great blows, powerful, timely, and straight.

THE END

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